

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART LIX.

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## M. GUIZOT.\*

No. II.

IN our last Number we were occupied less with M. Guizot than with his contemporaries. Let us now turn from the accessories to the principal, and devote our attention to M. Guizot himself, the central figure of his own Memoirs.

In the public character of Guizot we find two distinct elements. One is, an ambition which is justified by his knowledge, talents, and strength of character; to this must be attributed the obstinacy and stubbornness of temper which, in the first period of his career, when he was chiefly known as a writer, and had not yet appeared in the Chamber, he exhibited in a higher degree than he is willing to admit. The other element is his powerful and solid intellect, as formed by his ungenial Protestant education, by which the ambitious element has ever been restrained and, on most occasions, kept within bounds.

He has not a spark either of the revolutionary or of the Bonapartist spirit. He is too original and independent for a Bonapartist, and too clear-sighted for a revolutionist: for without terror at home and propagandism abroad the revolution is unable to subsist for a moment; while terrorism inevitably terminates in the severe discipline of military power at home, and the military despotism immediately seizes on the organisation of the revolutionary propaganda abroad to enable it to rule over Europe. Such a state of things would be the utter annihilation of a man like Guizot, who has neither revolutionary nor Bonapartist talents.

At the same time he was cut off by his Protestant educa-

\* *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de nos Temps.* Par M. Guizot. Tome I. Paris: Michel Levy, 1858.

tion from all French sympathies and passions. Though he was the leader of the *doctrinaires*, his domineering and pedantic character kept him almost in isolation among them. But this solitude was of service to him; for the singularity of his position made him an imposing figure in the eyes not of his own adherents only, but of the whole French nation; and though the personal sympathies and influence of the *doctrinaires* were given to Royer-Collard, Guizot alone had the power. It is true that he was no man of action—it is the nature of the *doctrinaire* to be a man of abstract principle; but in Guizot this principle was a historical idea, whereas in Royer-Collard it was a philosophical one. We must keep this in mind, if we would understand how the man who was so much revered could achieve so little as minister. Classifying every event, and reducing them all, with more acuteness than depth, to certain categories of thought, throughout his political course he exhibited no gushing affluence of thought, but only a certain power of distinguishing and sorting facts and ideas. In his hands every thing was converted into fixed formulas and stiff rules. Without any inspiring genius, he contemplated by the light of a powerful intellect the history of modern times and the parliamentary tactics of the Restoration and of Louis Philippe. Though he never wasted his powers or spent himself, yet, always combating, he has never advanced; he has only seen through the passions of parties, without any insight into the feelings of the nation. For instance, like the rest of the *doctrinaires*, he never understood how Socialism and its antagonist Communism were growing beneath the mask of Jacobinism, and he completely mistook the nature of the Bonapartism that was latent in France, and which during the Restoration was represented in the press by the *Constitutionnel* and the *Minerve*, and advocated by Etienne as journalist and as deputy. Thiers was rising from its ranks; while the circumstances of the time were gradually converting it into a kind of liberalism, of which Guizot, after the fall of De Cazes, endeavoured to make use.

As a system of government, the pith of Napoleonism was at home the conquest of French democracy, by wrenching it from the hands of the demagogues after the lesser Marii had died away and the great Cæsar alone was left; abroad, the use of the system of revolutionary propagandism for military ends, so as more or less to impose on the continental nations the form and character of the servile democracy of France, whose essential spirit and characteristic was the thorough isolation of the individual in the family, the *commune*, and the state, so as to render him the mere instrument of the central

power. The French Revolution was recommended to the passions of the people by two things—to the peasants by the confiscation and sale of Church property and the estates of the *émigrés*; and to the middle class by the destruction of the old *noblesse*, and the creation of a new civil and military nobility, which stood on the same footing as the old at court and monopolised all offices. As a philosophy the Revolution only prevailed among the Girondins on the one hand and the Jacobins on the other, both of whom derived their inspiration from Rousseau, but whose ideas were never able to strike deep root among the people.

The scientific ideologists of the school of Condorcet were far less important; and the First Consul had already begun to push them aside. The handful of admirers of English parliamentary institutions who had been formed by Montesquieu and Necker, melted quickly away; while the Bourbons,—who could not look to the imperial democracy for support, since they were surrounded by an aristocratic party of nobles, and besieged by landed proprietors eager to obtain political consequence at the expense of the democracy,—inevitably fell into the hands of the friends of Madame de Staël, the relics of her father's party, for whom Benjamin Constant had written a remarkable pamphlet in 1814. Thus a mass of so-called constitutional opinions arose, centering on one side in Chateaubriand, on the other in Royer-Collard; and the absolutist democracy of Bonapartism, in its opposition to the Bourbons and to the Church, soon began to take the field under the banner of a kind of artificial liberalism.

It is obvious that in every well-constituted society it is not reasoning, but habit and custom, that rule. It is by habit and custom that the individual is strong, because they constitute the moral chain that binds him to his home and family, to his neighbours, and to his village; so civil interests bind him to his town or province, while a patriotic or political interest attaches him to his country and the state. Now the Revolution went all possible lengths to destroy the family; and if Napoleon legally revived it, it was no longer as a social, but as a political institution. Family rights, natural and innate, no longer exist in France, but only public law. The *Code Napoléon* takes every thing under its tutelage, and organises the family on the basis of an ultra-democratic parity between parents and children as well as amongst the children themselves. Love still remains in well-conditioned families; but respect is gone, and parental authority and filial reverence are reduced almost to zero. As for the *commune*, it has not the independence either of a moral personality, or of a society,



or of a corporation; it is nothing but an administrative form invented for the convenience of the state; while in towns or departments, the larger they are the more thoroughly are all traces of corporate action effaced, and every thing brought within the sphere of the central power of the administration.

A vast ambition and a heroic spirit are undeniably alive in the nation. The wars of the Revolution and the victories of Napoleon assisted in their development. But if the military spirit yet survives, the civil and political instinct is irretrievably lost, for its existence in a state is incompatible with perfect centralisation.

Let us consider the consequences of this. There is a three-fold moral cord, whereof religion, custom, and patriotism are the strands, which determines the character and spirit of the majority of mankind. God has not bestowed cleverness on the mass of men. The gift would have been fatal to their common sense, and so to their daily bread; their minds would have been eaten up with constant intellectual exercise. We may learn this lesson from seeing what the Greeks gained from the hair-splitting of their sophists; or the Quakers, Anabaptists, and Puritans from their interminable controversies; or the French of the eighteenth century from all the systems of the Encyclopædists. Yet in all these cases there was something real at work—a real spirit of sophistry, or of belief, or of system. Men spoke out what they really felt, they uttered their real passions; but what sentiment or what passion can inspire a people that is a mere conglomerate of isolated individuals?

Look at the samples we have. The empty and bombastic declamations of the Revolution—who can stand those declamations now? Then, in the days of the Empire, the *bureau de l'esprit publique*, under the direction of the police, and partly conducted by that same Etienne who became under the Restoration the originator and the organ of the democratic imperialists—was there ever any thing more shallow than the whole of this official literature? Look again at the Bonapartist liberalism of the Restoration, its organ the *Constitutionnel*, and its heralds Etienne, Jay, and Jouy: their business was to fill the mass of units with a vain notion of their own importance, to assure every foolish blockhead that he stood on a level with his age, that he could look down upon the past, and was himself an incarnation of the spirit of illumination and light—that formerly tradesmen and peasants were the dull people, but now the clergy and the gentry of the old *régime* were in the shade; these had now to hold their tongues, the prescriptive right of talking belonged to the men of light. This,



and no other, was the real character of the Bonapartist liberalism of the period of the Restoration.

But, on the other side, all returned exiles and *émigrés* educated abroad, whatever their principles may be, become absurd in the long-run. They will not accustom themselves to the actual state of things; but are resolved to destroy it, in order to recall an earlier method of living, which, since its destruction, has become their ideal. Even able and eminent men of a fallen party are too prone to run into this absurdity; how much more a mass of men transplanted from expatriation! Add to this the inconceivable frivolity of French society before its fall; the revengeful feelings of the old nobles against the new, and of the old proprietors against those whom the Revolution had enriched; and the contest of theocracy and of the philosophy of Bonald's school with Etienne's revived Voltairism,—and we have sufficient matter for the most dangerous combinations and conflicts.

Some generals of Moreau's school, such as Foy, and of Napoleon's, such as Sebastiani, combined with a certain class of lawyers, among whom three men of very ordinary ability—Barthe, Mérilhou, and Persil—took the lead. They were joined by some of Tracy's friends the ideologists, and by a body of perpetual malcontents personified by D'Argenson. Hence arose a series of conspiracies of young men, who managed to gain over the political vanity of Lafayette by their Carbonarism. In this wise the verbiage of shallow liberalism got a party to represent it, acquired a sort of consequence, and formed an extreme Left, in which there were some leading plotters against the Restoration. After the fall of De Cazes had arrested the incipient career of Guizot, he resolved to connect himself with this Opposition; not by becoming a member of it, but by making use of it to preserve his political standing and to lay the foundation of his influence with the nation. It was a very clever plan; but it made Royer-Collard very angry, and was but the dangerous experiment of an excited temper.

The real political sin of Guizot under the Restoration was, that he imagined—like Villemain, the secretary to the Minister of the Interior—that he could intellectually command and inspire the policy of De Cazes; a man who could only stand in the service of a king, and whose desire it was to strengthen the monarchy by conciliating the military Bonapartists, towards whom he strongly inclined. Into these plans he succeeded in drawing the systematic Royer-Collard. But when De Serre, an *émigré* of Condé's army, but a free and generous spirit, educated in Germany during the Revolu-

tion, broke off from the little intrigues and pitiful projects that formed the whole employment of De Cazes, and joined in the policy of the Duc de Richelieu and the more intelligent remnant of the *Chambre Introuvable*, Guizot, by his violence and anger, tore away Royer-Collard from all personal friendship with De Serre. The object he had in view was to form a ministry with De Cazes. But the number of his friends was so small, that Fiévée, who had already christened them *doctrinaires*, now nicknamed them a *canapé* (a sofa). They were few but able, and were joined by some younger men, Rémusat and Duvergier de Hauranne. They had no prospect of attaining power in connection with the Left; that party had no sympathy with them, and would never have placed them at its head. The only course open to them was that taken by De Serre, in which Casimir Perier would afterwards have naturally joined them. Thus they could have effectually modified the party of M. de Villèle. Instead of this, they strengthened it by their violent breach with De Serre. In all these matters they evinced great ability, but did not show that they possessed the political wisdom which their pretensions required.

Such were the fundamental mistakes of the *doctrinaires*, by which they contributed to the ruin of the monarchy of the Restoration, which owed its fall solely to the quarrels and follies of its adherents. What with Chateaubriand and Labourdonnaye, who obtained the name of *pointus* during Villèle's ministry; what with the *congrégation* organised by Mathieu de Montmorency to strengthen the Bourbons and increase the elements of their popularity by Catholic missions in the country, and by a system of Catholic education for young men of good family, who were gradually to fill every office of administration or diplomacy, every vacancy in army or navy, to the exclusion of all not similarly educated; what with the endeavour to place this education in the hands of the Jesuits,—a plan which, after the death of the Duc de Montmorency, passed to M. de Rayneval, secretary to the Minister of Finance under Villèle; what with the mortal rupture between the *Pointus* and the *Congrégation*, and the subsequent efforts of the *Pointus* to overthrow Villèle with the aid of the *doctrinaires* and of the Extreme Left,—what with all these shortsighted plans and passionate intrigues, the elder branch of the Bourbons fell, deplored too late by the conscientious Royer-Collard, but in their fall carrying the ambitious Guizot to the great object of his life, political power.

This brief view of the false tendencies, the wild passions, and intestine discords of the Legitimist factions under princes



too feeble to control them, will enable us to understand better the two great errors of the *doctrinaires*, at which we have already glanced. The first was, their obstinate adherence to M. de Cazes—though he was not their man, but a mere administrator, who wished to transform the men who had grown gray in Napoleon's service into hearty partisans and supporters of the Bourbons; a mad idea, if we consider the state of Legitimist and anti-Legitimist feeling at that time. Their second grand fault was, that after having substituted, with the assistance of the *Pointus* and the Left, the ministry of Laferronnays and Martignac for that of Villèle, instead of supporting it, they joined with the Left in persisting to force on Charles X. a ministry composed entirely of *doctrinaires*. Guizot is right in saying that this was not the design of Royer-Collard, who was, like Bonald, a man of purely didactic character, and whose ambition soared no higher than the command of the University. But it was the heart's desire of Guizot himself, who was already conscious of his tendency, and was being urged on by all his younger followers.

Thus, as he truly tells us, he was being more and more estranged from Royer-Collard. After the insane appointment of the Prince de Polignac to the head of the government, Guizot attached himself not only to men like Talleyrand, who reserved themselves *in petto* for the house of Orleans, and to persons who, like the moderate ex-Bonapartists Lafitte and Sebastiani, half-unconsciously tended towards that family, but he even allowed himself to be drawn into the circle of Lafayette, the whole of whose foolish course during the Restoration consisted simply in letting himself be led by the ambitious young republicans Carrel, Cavaignac, and the rest, who had many friends in the army, and acknowledged Lafayette and his friend D'Argenson as their leaders; a position which highly gratified the self-sufficiency of the one and the hypochondria of the other. In connecting himself with these persons, Guizot of course kept clear of their Carbonarism, but looked to their help in raising the *doctrinaires* to power. Lafayette knew enough of the world to see this; and the energetic young republicans of his party were let into the secret by Guizot's seeking to become head of the society *Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*, which was organised in opposition to Polignac, and by his offering himself as leader of the Opposition in the Chamber and in the press. If they allowed him to proceed, it was not with the idea of being led by him, but for the purpose of using him in the same way as he had meant to use them.

But Guizot's political conduct during the Restoration is



not more important than his career as public teacher of history at the University. At first his political writings were feeble, whilst he was in the service of the Restoration under Montesquiou, Barbé de Marbois, and De Cazes. His political ideas were hampered by his condition, and wore the livery of circumstances. After his rupture with De Serre, the style of his political writings kept growing in clearness, brilliancy, and decision : he was recognised as one who had deeply pondered the modern constitutions of France and England, had thought over their points of difference and analogy and over the political necessities of his time. It would have been better if, instead of reprinting his criticisms on literature and art, which are cold, heartless, shallow, and unsubstantial, he had collected his political pamphlets. In general, the pamphlets of those days were of great value, and they deserve to be collected. Those by Guizot, Constant, Chateaubriand, Montlosier, Bonald, and others, often contain more substance than many a thick volume.

We have already said that Guizot divides rather than classifies the epochs of history. Not that he has forgotten the organic connection of all events, both in national and in general history, but he has never been at home in ancient history ; the classical world of Greece and Rome, and even the Jewish world, were less familiar to him than the period that succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire. Again, he has completely mistaken the original constitution of the Teutonic nations : he represents them as mere Turkish hordes ; but the Mongol and Turkish horde was alien to German manners, whose language gives evidence of a spirit utterly unlike the language and spirit of the Turks. Their manners, their religion, and their government had a far deeper significance and more intimate connection than M. Guizot imagines. His German studies were only made during the course of his lectures ; he trusted to German writers, by some of whom he was led astray. Though he misunderstood the real principle of Teutonic life, which he regarded as a personal independence bordering on the savage state, without any firm foundation in family connections or political and social institutions, he was more successful in his description of the allodial and early feudal systems, and of their conflicts, approximations, and mutual action and reaction during the decline of those Roman institutions into which nothing but the Church could breathe a new life.

His appreciation of the external position of the Church as a link between the Germans and Romans is worthy of his solid intellect : but even here all soul is wanting ; he fails to

penetrate the Christian inspiration of the Church, and beholds every thing merely in its external aspect. He systematises and combines his sketches of the middle ages from these two points of view, and makes interesting pictures of mediæval civilisation. Though Guizot is not versed in the original sources of history, and so is not a really learned historian,—indeed in this respect he is very deficient, and would undoubtedly modify many things if he had to go over the same ground again,—yet he is one of the few men who have any notion of the intimate connection and significance of all history. Montlosier's writings, which appeared at the same time, are derived more from the life, and sometimes from better sources; but they bear the impress of an aristocratic mind imbued with absolute and feudal ideas. Bonald's descriptions of the mediæval world, of the monarchy of Louis XIV., of the *parlements* and the Gallican Church, are on a very narrow scale—powerful, but purely theoretical, and not derived from historical sources. Count de Maistre manifests a versatility and depth, and an insight into the Church, which our author lacks. But Guizot keeps clear of the enthusiastic exaggerations and the political dithyrambs of De Maistre, as well as of the extreme and oppressive partiality of Bonald and the passionate partisanship of Montlosier: he is less of a philosopher, a rhetorician, or a poet, than these men; but with his common sense, though less profound, he is far more free and judicious, and less easily blinded and led astray by his imagination, than they. His lectures were a real intellectual event in France. In historical science they are in some measure to modern France what the great Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* might have been to the 18th century, if the men of that period had not been filled by the *Encyclopédie* with revolutionary ideas.

One of the greatest political blunders ever committed by the government of the Restoration it was dragged into, not by the *Congrégation*, nor by the Jesuits, with whom the *Congrégation* was connected, but by a coterie of literary men, who had attached themselves to the Minister of the Interior, M. de Corbière. These persons imagined that a public opinion could be created by administrative means, through a censorship like the *bureau de l'esprit publique*, which Napoleon had united with the Ministry of Police, wherein the poet Esmenard wrote for pious people while the poet Etienne tickled the Voltairians. Corbière, an able and learned lawyer, had accepted office against his wish, only because his friend Villèle had need of him; so he took no interest whatever in public affairs. He was a humorist and a religious



person, but he read Bayle. A lawyer of the old school, he let his *bureaux* take their own course. It was the hostility of the censors, who sat in one of his *bureaux*, that drew attention to the immense applause with which the lectures of Guizot, Cousin, and Villemain were received. Instead of recognising in this enthusiasm of a number of young men, who were any thing but dangerous to the Bourbons, a useful diversion from the tendencies of another portion of the youth of Paris,—represented by the *Ecole Polytechnique*, the School of Medicine, and a part of the Schools of Law, who grouped themselves around Lafayette, Manuel, and D'Argenson, and were conspiring under their inspiration,—the censors endeavoured to instigate the indolent minister to all sorts of angry measures. They classed the *doctrinaires* with the Carbonari, cast suspicion on Cousin, denounced the *persiflage* of Villemain and the free spirit of Guizot, and, in spite of the resistance of Villèle and of Frayssinons, the good-natured Minister of Public Instruction, obtained the suppression of their lectures. The consequence was, that Guizot devoted all his energies to politics with continually growing ambition and passionateness; for they had removed him from his most natural sphere as professor, and had grossly mistaken the character of his mind, which was historical, and therefore essentially anti-revolutionary. It was the right way to make him that for which nature had never intended him—a revolutionist.

Thus is the curse of your clever fools not without wit, nor without a kind of sagacity that snuffs at things as if it had the instincts and the nose of a pointer, but filled with vanity instead of moulded by reason. Confident of their own wisdom, they are free from any misgivings, and do the most foolish things in the most ingenious way. Thus they compromise public authority; and an authority thus compromised is always in danger of falling under the sway of very inferior minds.

The great difference between the government of Louis XVIII. and that of Charles X. is neatly explained by Guizot. Neither monarch tried to grasp the reins of power in his own hands; neither, in fact, took part in public affairs. For them the example of Louis XIV., who wanted to be all in all, was obsolete. Neither was theirs a system of personal indulgence, like that of Louis XV. But much of the weakness of Louis XVI. had gone as a heirloom to his brothers. Louis XVIII. resembled the victim of the Revolution in his insight into the state of the times; and, with as much sense as his awkward brother, he had more talent. But though



he could feel attachment to his favourites, he had a frosty heart. Charles X., on the other hand, who had a certain amount of wit and sprightliness, but little sense or understanding, had the warm heart of Louis XVI., and excited a lively personal sympathy. The favourites of Louis XVIII. served him with respect, but with little attachment. Those of Charles liked him, had greater freedom of speech in his presence, and were ready to make sacrifices for him. Louis XVIII. chose his ministers himself, except Fouché, who was forced upon him, and Talleyrand, whom he did not like: though Villèle came into power through the fall of a favourite, the king soon forgot his affliction, attached himself to his new minister, and supported him against Chateaubriand, whom he could not bear, and against Mathieu de Montmorency, whose head he held very cheap, though the man was not without talent. It may be said that Louis XVIII. left the government entirely to his ministers, but kept an eye upon them.

Charles X. had sense enough to adopt Villèle, who, he felt, would be far more useful to him than his personal friends. These were divided into two groups: that of Fitz-James consisted of men of chivalrous character, opposed to Villèle and inclined to Chateaubriand; that of Polignac, who suited better the piety of the king, consisted of persons who hesitated between Villèle and Chateaubriand without deciding in favour of either, and who breathed the spirit of Mathieu de Montmorency without his position or experience. When the king was forced to part with Villèle, he did not take to Martignac, who was an excellent man of the same school, but without his predecessor's practical knowledge or good sense. The king may be said to have plotted against Martignac's administration, especially after illness had obliged Laferronnays (a noble and excellent man, for whom he had the same esteem that Louis XVIII. had for the Duc de Richelieu) to retire from the ministry of foreign affairs. Martignac was succeeded provisionally by the learned but weak Portalis, under promise of being made president of the Cour de Cassation, the great object of all his wishes. When this came about, Charles succeeded in his favourite plan, and Prince Polignac followed Portalis at the head of affairs.

Polignac's character is easy to misunderstand. He had all sorts of tendencies and inclinations, chiefly those of an English Tory; for he was connected with England by marriage. In the Chamber of Peers he represented a phase in the opinions of the aristocratic party, with Chateaubriand, Salares, Montmorency, and Fitz-James. He had none of Villèle's

provincialism, and was not, like him, attached to the interests of the country nobility or *bourgeois* Legitimists. He was well disposed towards the *Congrégation*, though not under its thumb. He would have been delighted to have men like Chateaubriand and Fitz-James in his ministry, and applied every where for colleagues who would have given him a constitutional appearance in the eyes of the nation. He would have gone so far as to admit Casimir Perier, if that statesman would have acceded to any arrangement in which the Prince de Polignac was to play the first part. All such negotiations necessarily failed. Although Royer-Collard was extremely distasteful to the Catholic opinions of the king, yet even he was solicited on behalf of this pet of royal favour. A combination was proposed in which Polignac was to have been *Ministre de la Maison du Roi*, like Blacas at the beginning of the former reign and Larochevoucauld Dondeauville under Charles X. But all in vain. Charles felt himself insecure with any body but the Prince de Polignac as president of the ministry and minister of foreign affairs. The cool and unbounded self-sufficiency of Polignac, and his natural obstinacy and short-sightedness, would not allow him to give way one hair's-breadth. That excellent man proved the possibility of the absolute identification of extreme levity with extreme obstinacy—of the compatibility of a light head with a stiff neck.

Whence, however, came the violent aversion of the whole of the revolutionised nation, and the great alarm which the middle classes and the adherents of Villèle manifested for the name of Polignac, whose person had never yet been before the public eye? It was a singular fatality. The great mass of the nation had been so thoroughly upset by the Revolution and the Empire, that scarcely a notion of the old *régime* remained in their minds. To them it was simply the loss of the national property, and its restoration to the clergy and *noblesse*. The infamous libels against Marie Antoinette at the beginning of the Revolution festered with the bitterest hatred against the house of Polignac, the particular friends of the unhappy queen. This was not forgotten. Jacobins and Bonapartists bestirred themselves to recall the name of Polignac to the popular memory garnished with these old associations. In that one name every thing was concentrated that threatened the country with danger; and of this Charles X. had no idea, and could not be persuaded of its truth, whilst Polignac himself would not hear of it. This was the fatality which marked the last moments of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and which, with the help of the moderate Opposition, especially contributed to open the way for the house of Orleans.



The highest activity of M. Guizot under the Restoration was during the Polignac ministry, and at this period he severed himself completely from Royer-Collard. The latter was full of care, and retired into the somewhat solemn and magisterial solitude which he loved, whilst the spirit of Guizot was at its brightest blaze. Impressed with the coming events, and seeing the political horizon of the nation surrounded with fire-tinted clouds, he joined himself more intimately to the society *Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*. Here he was surrounded by a few friends of Chateaubriand, adherents of Salvandy and the *Journal des Débats*; by the young *doctrinaires* of the *Globe*; and by the furious republicans of the *National*, Thiers and Mignet, who held the parties of Lafitte and Talleyrand together, and secretly aimed at the elevation of the house of Orleans whilst they were openly connected with the decided republicans Carrel, Guinard, and Cavaignac, the brother of the late general. There too were the conspirators of Lafayette's school, and the liberalised Bonapartists. In the midst of all these heterogeneous elements Guizot took his place, with his own ambitious plans; suspected by the Republicans, inconvenient to Thiers, but applauded by all for the ability with which he organised them into the unity of an opposition party.

When, under these circumstances, Polignac in his trouble, and the king in yet greater trouble, only rushed more blindly into the extremes of folly; when the fight in the streets began, and in the circle of Lafitte doubts were entertained of the issue, and when some of that party proposed to send Marmont with a remonstrance to the king,—then Guizot was the first to declare as his own particular view that which was the thought of them all—of Thiers as well as of Lafayette and of the writers of the *National*—that all this came too late, and that their safety was at Neuilly, in the Duke of Orleans; so resolved was he to forestall every possibility, and to be behind-hand with no conceivable eventuality, even the Republic, though a man of his stamp could not believe in it. It was his determination to make good his footing on the ruins of the falling dynasty, not to be buried beneath it; and with all the temerity of his genius, which was then developing his powerful eloquence, to be ready prepared for every contingency.

We must wait for his second volume before we can appreciate M. Guizot's account of Louis Philippe, and of his own administration under that monarch; only expressing our hope that no "interior or exterior difficulties" will long prevent the publication of the rest of this important work.



## THE CONFESSIONAL.

THEMISTOCLES was adjudged to be the best man in Athens because, when the votes of the community were taken, every man was found to have given himself the first place and Themistocles the second. In a similar way, we may judge of the progress which the Catholic system is making in the opinion of Englishmen by the position which they assign it. The philosopher, the representative of the class who used to pass by without deigning a glance at the Church, now talks of her "comprehensive adaptation to the exigences of mankind," and characterises Catholic doctrine as a "strange congeries of profound truths and puerile fancies."\* The man of material science will have no eye for these "profound truths," but will be wonderfully attracted by some of the "puerile fancies;" though probably he will find some drawback, some "but yet," to excuse his acceptance of Popery as a whole. "I have great faith in the Catholic doctrine of good works," says a doctor, "and admire the energy and perseverance shown in carrying it out; I can also see great beauty in the doctrine of purgatory; but as a physiologist I detest the confessional so firmly, that nothing less than the strong arguments of the Spanish Inquisition could make me a proselyte to that creed."† We have no objection to the Catholic religion as a religion, says the lawyer, only we English have an invincible prejudice that your rulers make religion the pretext for political meddling: we do not think you mean it, but you are tools of deep conspirators; and whenever we hear of your drinking the Pope's health before the Queen's, or showing too much hot blood in defending foreign despotisms, our suspicions are confirmed in spite of ourselves, visions of "priestcraft" and "deposing powers" flit before our eyes, and we feel more alienated than ever from that which in another aspect had exerted a powerful attraction over us. Most men like Popery for some quality or other, though numbers find some objection to it as a whole. These objections neutralise each other by their variety, as each man giving himself the first place gives a majority to none, but leaves each nowhere; and the Catholic system, in which each man finds some positive peg to hang his admiration on, like Themistocles, who was universally voted

\* James Martineau, *Studies of Christianity*, p. 11.

† Dives and Lazarus; or, the Adventures of an obscure Medical Man in a low Neighbourhood.

to be second best, is proved by an easy arithmetic to "have the cry."

We do not intend to speak here of the political prejudices against us; only we observe in passing that the difficulty about the precedence of the Pope's or the Queen's health seems to us both dishonest and puerile. There are many Catholics who do not happen to think that the relations in which we stand to the Holy Father can be placed in the same category as those in which we stand to the Queen, the royal family, the army and navy, the ladies, the hunt, and the ocean telegraph, but who would yet be the last to quarrel with any one who thinks differently and chooses to retain the obnoxious preëminence of the toast. Englishmen in general, if they really understood the sentiments of Catholics, would be just as indifferent. If we drink religious toasts at all, they must come first. When both are present, we must place the supernatural before the natural, religion before politics, Pope before Queen; in principle Protestants do the same when they say, not "State and Church," but "Church and State." We think of the Pope as the embodiment of our religion, the head and symbol of Catholicity; not as a foreign potentate, who wishes to obtain a political footing in England, and to use the Catholics as his tools. Not that we should grieve if the toast was altogether omitted; for the same reasons of reverence which prevent us drinking first "to the glory of God," might excuse the omission of all mention of the Catholic Church and Pope, unless they could be brought in decorously with the grace.

But our doctor's objection is that which goes most to the heart of the religious world in England. No words can express the disgust which the great Protestant world feels for the confessional; though, on the other hand also, no words can express the disgust which the same Protestant world often manifests at those who go out of the world without confessing. One of the great Evangelical doctrines is, that as "all our righteousness is filthy rags," so all our sins are not much worse. Man is all sin; whatever he does is wicked, and all his acts are equally wicked. It is blasphemy to make a distinction between sins, and to call some deadly and others venial: all are deadly, and all are venial; all equally deadly in the reprobate, equally venial in the elect. Faith is the one virtue, want of faith the one sin. Hence it invincibly follows that the murderer is in God's sight no worse than the minister who expounds at pious tea-parties. If their sins differ at all, it is only before human tribunals that the difference appears. They are equally sinners before God. Yet no one asks the minister to confess on his death-bed; but



if the murderer goes to the scaffold with a firm step, faces it out, and dies game, the whole religious world is—very naturally and properly, but very inconsistently—struck with horror. Making every allowance for the selfish conscientiousness of society, which wishes to be satisfied that it is hanging the right man, and cannot endure the suspicion that it may be putting an innocent person to death, and therefore wishes to have the culprit's own confession besides the conclusive evidence which condemned him,—making every allowance for this, there remains a general feeling of horror at the hardened sinner who will confess nothing; an idea that he goes before God's tribunal with all his iniquities on his head; that he certainly ought to have made a clean breast of it, instead of passing out of the world with hypocritical professions of innocence upon his lips. Yet, let us ask the horrified Evangelical, is that man's sin, as sin, any worse than yours? And if not, why should he be expected to confess, while you have liberty to conceal every thing? At least in religion, let there be no respect of persons; let us not be like Pharisees, tying heavy burdens on others' backs, and refusing to touch them with our little fingers.

But, says our friend the doctor,—who is in this respect a fair representative of the general British public, religious and profane,—physiologically the confessional is an abominable thing; it corrupts pure minds, and gives an opportunity for a kind of pious pruriency to those already corrupted. These two objections turn on but one matter of confession; they leave all else untouched; and as silence gives consent, we may suppose that our opponents concede that it would be a good thing if people would make a clear conscience of all their dishonesties, falsehoods, thefts, cruelties, and proud and foolish thoughts. The mere telling of these things to another could not possibly have any corrupting influence; on the contrary, making their own catalogue of their faults, and reciting it aloud, would be the best means of clearing away the mists of self-deception by which most souls are veiled from the owners' eyes. The objections turn only on one point—impurity; only on one commandment, that called by us the sixth, by Protestants the seventh.

Now there is no doubt, that if every time a child of ten or twelve or fifteen years old went to confession the priest were to put to him or her all the questions that occur in the course of moral theology, hideous corruption would be the result. But the priest knows his business, to say the least, as well as the Protestant or the doctor can teach him. He no more applies these strong measures to the innocent, no more lets the



child into mischievous secrets, than the apothecary administer<sup>s</sup> every mercurial medicine in his shop as a remedy for a cut<sup>t</sup> finger. The Catholic knows better than the Protestant can tell him that Adam and Eve, instead of having, like beasts, strong instincts which supplied the place of reason, did not even know that they were naked till they had eaten of the tree of knowledge and had fallen. He knows that the Scripture history never gives a hint of any thing instinctive in man, but represents God as instructing him in the very food he is to eat. And he concludes that there are no true instincts in men; no natural, untaught, self-acting substitute for reason. The chick, immediately it is hatched, gets on its legs and pecks at its proper food. The human infant is utterly helpless, and would starve if its food were not put into its mouth. The void of hunger exists; but no instinct points out the right path or the proper nourishment to satisfy it. So with the faculty of reproduction; it is completely dormant in the human being, even up to his old age, unless he is instructed. Previous to such instruction, if he feels an uneasiness, he knows not the meaning of it, nor what it would lead him to; for he has no true instinct to teach him, he requires knowledge and instruction to inform him how to satisfy his appetites and to direct his bodily capabilities. Man's propensities, then, are not really instincts, because he cannot gratify them without knowledge gained by instruction. And for this reason, the real and, apart from supernatural grace, the only perfectly safe fortress of innocence is ignorance; ignorance, which is not only possible, but natural and necessary, unless the child's mind is prematurely opened by profligate companions or teachers, or by bad books. Now, so far from the Catholic system despising this ignorance, or communicating prematurely the dangerous secret, it alone systematically makes a point of guarding this ignorance till the last possible moment. Hence the watching and espionage of Catholic college-life, which, though known and acknowledged to detract somewhat from manliness of character, is deliberately maintained, in spite of all drawbacks, for the one supreme end of preserving the boys in the ignorance which, while it lasts, ensures innocence. And the system, so far as its operation is not marred by accidents, is wonderfully successful. We obviously cannot enter into details, but we are acquainted with many instances to the point. Now in all these cases the young persons had been in the habit of continually confessing from their childhood; yet the confessional had imparted to them no dangerous secret, had not thrown the suspicion of a shadow across the clear mirror of their purity. Nor has it ever done so. But send a child to a Protestant school, and before

the victim has been there a week, his knowledge is complete; his body may be virginal, but his understanding has been defiled: a Pandora's box has been opened to him, the seal has been broken from the vessel where the evil genius was confined; the vapour mounts up and covers the sky with a leaden mist, and hides sun, moon, and stars from his bleared eyes. Henceforth you may trap as you like the gully-holes of his imagination, to prevent the unsavoury odour from escaping; but the cesspool has burst, and the fetid matter forms its own underground channels, burrowing in all directions, and hiding itself from the light of day.

And now, when the mind is distempered with the venomous wound, shall it nurse and brood over its disease in secret; or shall it receive counsel, examine itself, confess, and do what it can to cast out the poison, and purge itself of the seeds of the disease? How will the physiologist answer this question? Let us listen to one who published what he had to say while there was no controversy on the point, and whose works have been received as oracles by immense numbers of Englishmen.

"Phrenological observation," says Mr. George Combe in his *Constitution of Man*, "has demonstratively established that the organs of the feelings are distinct from and larger than those of the intellectual faculties; and as each organ acts in proportion to its size, the feelings are obviously the more active or impelling powers. The cerebellum, or organ of amativeness, is the largest of all the mental organs; and being endowed with natural activity, it fills the mind spontaneously with emotions and suggestions, whose outward manifestation may be directed, controlled, and resisted by intellect and moral sentiment, but cannot be prevented from arising, or eradicated after they exist. The whole question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Whether it is more beneficial to enlighten the understanding, so as to dispose and enable it to control and direct that feeling; or (under the influence of an error in philosophy and a false delicacy) to permit it to riot in all the fierceness of a blind animal instinct, withdrawn from the eye of reason, but not thereby deprived of its vehemence and importunity."

What is this but plain common sense? Abstract the phrenological assumptions, which may be true or false without affecting the conclusion, and the false supposition that the organs in question can act before and without knowledge, it still remains, that after our understanding has received the perilous secret the animal nature does act as Mr. Combe describes. Shall we, then, take measures to control it by reason; or shall we leave it to itself, "to riot in all the fierceness of a blind animal instinct"? Mr. Combe, with some reason, attributes the general concurrence in the latter course to



either a false philosophy or a false delicacy. The false philosophy reduces itself to the question of sin—what it is, and what it is not. The error may be stated in the words of the philosopher whom we quoted at the commencement of our article:

“If there is any thing within the compass of heaven and earth which we can be said to know from ourselves, and to have no need that another should tell us, it is the nature of sin. There is no arrogance—there is only sorrowful confession—in protesting that *this* is a matter on which we cannot be mistaken. It is the nearest of all things to us; the shadow that follows us where we go, and stays with us when we sit; the clinging presence that penetrates the very folds of our nature, and is known only from within, where its fibres strike and draw their nutriment.”\*

This philosopher evidently assumes that the essence of sin is the trouble it causes us; it is a kind of gnawing pain, indescribable, personal, incurable by any external aid, only evanescent by the slow agency of time and by patient endurance. But if sin is pain, the greater the pain the greater the sin; therefore a shameful horrible sin is lessened by being drowned in Lethe,—in drink, in riot, in inattention, in the turmoil of business and cares,—and increased by being dwelt upon, held up before the mind, and thought over in bitterness of heart. “The contrition,” said Luther, “which comes from the consideration, comparison, and detestation of our sins,—whereby a man thinks over his years in the bitterness of his soul, weighing the grievousness and the number of his sins, the loss of eternal happiness, and the gain of everlasting damnation,—such contrition makes a man a hypocrite, yea rather a sinner. The best doctrine yet given about contrition is this: ‘Not to do it again is the sum of penance;’ ‘the best penance is a new life.’”† Through different roads the Unitarian or rationalist philosopher and the passionate fanatic come to the same results, and conspire to prove the proposition of Dr. Johnson, that the object of all perversions of religion is to find a substitution for a violated morality.‡

Hence it is that false religion and false philosophy seek to deaden the wounds of purity instead of probing them; and, like the Alexandrian Gnostics, pretend to keep the understanding and godlike reason apart and undefiled, while they deliver over the animal body to its own headlong course of corruption. The mind, they say, has nothing to do with

\* James Martineau, *Studies*, p. 469.

† Sixth and seventh propositions of Luther, condemned by the Bull *Exurge Domine*.

‡ Boswell's Johnson, 4to, vol. i. p. 345.

these filthy suggestions: let a man go the shortest way to disembarrass himself of their importunity; and then let him wipe his mouth, and go about his business with conscience undisturbed and faith undefiled. Such is the practice; and the practice has generated the theory.

False delicacy, says Mr. Combe, is another cause why people fear to ask or give serious advice about this shameful matter. Such false hypocritical modesty made the writer in the *Times* characterise the curate of Boyne Hill as a salacious priest, and his questions to a poor woman as a "filthy outrage;" because, as was said very truly, but not very appositely to the case in hand, "periodical, habitual, salacious conversations have nothing in common with the wholesome refuge of a wounded conscience. Let such things be left to profligate priests and prurient women. . . . . We descend not to word-splitting upon this subject; for it is one that will be decided by the moral instincts of our people, and not by reference to forgotten expressions in a tessellated ritual." When one thinks that this piece of virtuous indignation is probably the production of a hack scribe, with the usual morals of his class,—a man, perhaps, who, having fought a duel about his neighbour's wife, now sets himself to watch the morals of the public,—it would be mere folly to regard it as the cry of injured virtue. We remember that in 1848 the Jesuits and Redemptorists were driven from Vienna with similar reproaches; the fact being perfectly notorious that the cry was got up by the most profligate men of that profligate city, because they found the virtue of the poor servants and others who were the penitents of these religious somewhat more difficult to assail than they had been accustomed to find that of others. The very persons who use the like language now are such as the immaculate Nancy Arnold,—a woman who owned to having lived with two men at once, and who nevertheless indignantly declared that she did not understand what impurity was; that "she wasn't a-going to tell the curate what she had done;" that her friend Mrs. Wynch "would have given him a good smack o' the head, and ordered him out of the room" (a sentiment received with loud applause by the public); while her other friend, Mrs. Wolfferd, "would have pretty soon rinsed him out with a bucket of water." All these expressions are rather evidences of vice than of real delicacy.

Again, they say that the curate asked questions "such as one would think every educated gentleman, whether clergyman or layman, would feel an instinctive repugnance to." Yes, instinctive is the right word; for the brute passion hates



exposure. It shuts the shutters, and draws down the blinds: it can get on well enough with a choice companion of its debauchery; but to have serious talk with a severe man in black, to receive grave advice and rebuke, to let him help to examine the conscience, and, worse than all, to pour into his ears all the filth that it would nevertheless tell with a boastful grin and many an exaggeration to one of its companions in wickedness,—here forsooth is indelicacy, here is that to which our “instincts” feel such unconquerable repugnance! This we call, with Mr. Combe, false delicacy; because it is not the modesty of the modest, but the prudery of the profligate. Mr. Combe, therefore, was in the right when, “in reliance on the good sense of his readers, that they would at once discriminate between practical instruction concerning this feeling addressed to the intellect and lascivious representations addressed to the mere propensity itself,—with the latter of which he was aware that the enemies of all improvement might attempt to confound his observations,”—he determined to print his instructions: though printed rules are evidently not so good as pastoral oral instruction, where the advice given may be tempered to the innocence of each penitent, whereas a plain-spoken book in the vulgar tongue may arouse the curiosity of those whom it is most desirable to keep in ignorance.

We have only adduced arguments which are derived from our natural constitution and the sentiments of the human heart. But if we add Christian considerations, the case is immensely strengthened. In our sacred writings the concealment of sins is always reckoned their greatest aggravation, while their confession ensures their pardon. “Confess your sins one to another,” says the Apostle. “Whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven,” says our Lord; and particular absolution without particular confession is a simple absurdity. Scripture is so clear, that even the English Reformers, who would doubtless have been glad to get rid of the whole embarrassing subject, were forced to retain the pretence of confession and absolution. The Anglican Bishops lay hands on the head of the minister; they ordain and say, “Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven;” and then make him sign his adhesion to the Prayer-Book, and send him, with this book in his hand, to his parish; where week by week he is told to invite his conscience-burdened flock to “come to him, or some other discreet and learned minister of God’s word, and open his grief, that he may receive the benefit of absolution.” With the same book he is sent to the bedsides of the sick, and told to examine

them whether they have any weight on their mind of which they cannot relieve themselves; and if so, to exhort them to tell it; and then to say to each of them, "I absolve thee from all thy sins." And then these same Bishops, if one of the ministers takes them at their word, and sets about doing what they have made him swear to do, immediately summon the offender, rebuke him, revoke his license, and, for all the right reverend fathers in God know or care, turn him out on the world to starve. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, though they periodically go through what they must consider the solemn farce of laying hands on their ministers and saying to them, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven," have both formally declared that "the practice of private confession and absolution is not authorised by the Church of England, but calculated to bring scandal on the Church," and have suspended a clergyman for the practice; the Bishop of Rochester has joined in his condemnation, forbidding him to officiate again in his diocese, and expressing a "hope that every husband and father will strenuously resist the attempt to introduce the practice of confession." The Bishop of Oxford, of whom, but for his known moral cowardice, better things were to be expected after his conversations in France, issued a commission to try a curate for asking a sick woman whether she had offended against the seventh (sixth) commandment, where the mere fact of the commission being issued was enough to show the opinion of the Bishop; for if that of which the curate was accused was no offence against the discipline of the Anglican body, why was the commission issued? The history of this case is remarkable. The Bishop of Oxford, it appears, had written a *verbosa et grandis epistola*, declaring, after mature examination, that there was nothing to inquire about; that there might have been some slight indiscretion in the form of inquiry, which the curate, when older, would correct for himself. Yet, after the poor curate had been had up and acquitted by his superior, and told there was nothing to investigate, then this very superior, terrified by a contemptible explosion of newspaper wrath, drags him up a couple of months afterwards before another tribunal on the same charge, and allows his character to be held up to public ridicule and contempt merely because the journalists did not agree with his Bishop. This same curate had enjoyed a previous taste of episcopal equity. He was curate of Hemel Hempstead, and his license was revoked because he refused to read a prayer sent to him from the Privy Council without passing through the Bishop's hands. He told the Bishop



that, with his lordship's commands, he would read it in a moment. The Bishop would give him no command. He told his unjust judge that he had the law of the Church on his side. The Bishop said, "I know you have, but custom is against you;" and revoked his license. This has now become the notorious characteristic of an Anglican Bishop,—the most summary, harsh, and savage treatment of his inferiors, united with the most tame, cowardly, paltry concessions to every popular clamour.

After the Bishops, the Evangelical clergy, and the silly tract-distributing women who abet them, are the most contemptible actors in these movements. The facility with which they judge and condemn all men; the open-mouthed admiration with which they accept every morsel of scandal, no matter from what ditch it is raked up, against any of their brethren that have the good sense to disagree with them,—is perfectly monstrous. A woman of ill-fame reports to a female busy-body a conversation with a curate, spiced, as whining mendicants know how to spice their tales, to the prurient taste of the female missionary. The elect sister enters it in her notebook, and shows it about with marvellous self-importance to her congenial and truly pious acquaintance. In process of time the story gets into a provincial paper. The incumbent of a sequestered village, having nothing particular to do in his parish, but with a great mission to set the whole world to rights, takes the matter up, and without a single inquiry into the respectability of his informants, without a moment's consideration of the ease with which a conversation of the kind might be misunderstood and misrepresented, without a thought of the "delicacy and difficulty which beset a clergyman whenever he endeavours to excite to repentance the conscience of a hardened and abandoned sinner," without saying a word to the person accused,—he proceeds to calumniate a servant to his master, and at the same time to set himself up as judge, jury, and accuser, to denounce his victim in the public journals, to renew his accusation after it had been quashed, and, even pending the second trial, which his importunity had cajoled from episcopal weakness, to write afresh to the papers, renewing all his calumnies, and prejudging the case that was, fortunately for justice, removed from his hands. Truly we hope that this exhibition of Evangelical charity and fair-play will redound to the benefit of that contemptible system, and draw down such a puff of scorn as will extinguish its rushlight, and leave it "like an unsavoury snuff, whose property is only to offend."

For the public and its faithful jackal the press, whose

clamour is the strength of these reverend and right reverend informers, accusers, and unjust judges, we will only say, that the more exhibitions like that at Maidenhead that can be got up, the sooner the people will be disabused, and will hold in its proper estimation the party that now affects to have its hook in their nose and its bridle in their lips. Surely the faithful followers of *Tartuffe* and Lord Shaftesbury must lose immensely in public estimation by every such revelation. We accept as good omens the "considerable cheering" with which the Maidenhead decision was received, and the utter vexation with which the writer in the *Times* pronounced the whole thing to be a hoax, and fell foul of the poor curate because, even when he had to deal with a fallen woman, he had remembered that he was a gentleman, and in suggesting questions to her to assist her in self-examination had observed a cautious delicacy and reserve, attempting by hints, rather than by direct accusations, to move a conscience that, after all, might not prove impervious to gentleness and consideration. The curate emphatically denied that in any single question he had any intention of leading to confession; he was merely showing the woman how to perform her acknowledged but neglected duty of examination of conscience. A clergyman of common sense and simple feeling, says the writer in the *Times*, would have assumed that the woman was what he knew her to be, and would have addressed her accordingly: the curate's sin was, that he addressed a loose female like a lady, instead of coming down upon her with the brutal magisterial coarseness prescribed by the writer in the *Times*; who seems to forget that to treat people as better than they are is the way to shame most minds into virtue, and that the emancipating power of great trusts and high inspirations makes itself felt even in the most degraded souls. Even Nancy Arnold had been impressed by this, to her novel method; and had told a person who went to see her that the curate was just the right kind of gentleman to visit a sick person—much better than his predecessor, whom, however, she liked very much. Perhaps the poor soul was touched, perhaps some of Mary Magdalen's tears might have flowed from her seared eyes; but visiting ladies and Evangelical ministers came o'er like frosts in June and withered all her budding resolutions, and left her as desolate as before and probably much more wicked: a worthy work for hypocrites, who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, only to render him ten times more the child of hell than themselves.

After what we have written, it is needless to say that our



sympathy is entirely on the side of the poor curates who have been so abominably treated by their Bishops, and of the whole party whom they represent: the restoration of the examination of conscience, for which they are labouring, is a thing absolutely and without drawback for the benefit of religion. Not so their pretended restoration of sacramental confession. But we flatter ourselves they cannot do it; it is alien from the spirit of their communion. They dare not openly preach about it; very few of those who recommend it ever practise it themselves; the Anglican clergy, with their wives and their want of training, are not the kind of men to attract people to open their whole souls to them. If they succeed in getting it up in a few cases, it is only a solemn sham and a half-conscious imposture. Have any of them such perfect faith in their orders as to warrant perfect certainty in conferring absolution? Do the Anglican clergy, in spite of the words said over them at their ordination, believe, or dare to act upon the belief, that they have power to forgive sins? The negative is too notorious to deserve an argument; and we can only pity the sacerdotal puerilities of those who expect to regain what their whole body has deliberately cast away by merely asserting that they have it. However, we would not discourage them: at a considerable sacrifice, they act, perhaps, up to their convictions; and each one of them contributes to effect a change in public opinion from which the Catholic Church reaps the ultimate advantage.

Finally, if there is one thing more discouraging than another to him who has the conversion of his country at heart, it is the state of the English poor, whose single idea about religion seems to be, that that is best out of which they can get most. The whole case gone into at Maidenhead reveals the root of this evil. A poor body is looked upon as a prize at an archery meeting, and each section of English religionism proves its prowess by its success in shooting the soul. Is a woman near her confinement? she is visited by as motley a crew as those that visited poor Reding in his lodging; with as many incompatible offers, as many mutually destructive denunciations, as many competitive biddings of canvassers, each anxious for the honour of enrolling her name on their catalogue. It is a regular auction; it is a hunt, a fight; it is "pull devil, pull baker," for the woman's vote and adhesion. She is ignorant and wicked, but she is also acute, and finds that she is worth something, and that her interest is to play off one set of missionaries or visitors against the other; and, as a natural consequence, the only conviction allowed to remain in her breast is, that religion is all hum-

bug,—the hobby of the rich, who have got nothing else to think about; and thus a matter out of which a poor body of any shrewdness may pick a very decent livelihood. Thus the English poor have come to their apparent slavishness in religion, which is at bottom nothing more than the oily hypocrisy of the dishonest tradesman, who cringes only to cheat. The most unintelligible part of the conduct of the Anglican curates of whom we have been speaking is their condescending to take a part in this unmannerly scuffle, and their simplicity in putting themselves and their characters into the power of Nancy Arnolds. They might do all they want to do without running such a risk. A person may be instructed how to examine his conscience in the presence of a third party; and such instruction need never be put into the shape of questions, much less need any direct and personal answer be required. There would be a certain amount of brutality in catching a bed-ridden victim, and forcing a confession out of him, for the Church allows us to confess to whom we like; but Anglican curates seem to insist on their parishioners confessing to their own pastors, whether they like it or not.

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#### LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

SHALL we throw Mr. Longfellow's new volume aside, and have nothing to say to him or his heroes because they are Puritans? Have we, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, any reason to beat a fellow like a dog if he carries that name? Or if we had assured ourselves that Puritans were only woven out of the same web as Hudibras and Ralpho, "in whom hypocrisy and nonsense had got the advowson of their conscience,"—that they were the driest, most unpoetical creatures that could be, fit enough to drone out a stave of a psalm-tune through the nose, but too sour ever to be fitted into rhymes, except into Butler's contemptuous iambics,—would not this rather be a reason why we should open *Miles Standish's Courtship*, to see how our poet can make supple such rigid materials, or extract honey from such a black congregation of cockroaches?

It will be found that Mr. Longfellow's recipe is a very easy one. His Puritans are no more the real Puritans of the seventeenth century than they are Chinese mandarins or Hindoo fakirs: historical truth has sat as lightly on Mr. Longfellow's literary conscience as it has on that of certain other American



scribes: he is quite content with making his outline agree with an old story; the colours with which he paints are all his own; he neither knows nor cares what manner of men the Puritans really were, what were their principles, their thoughts, their manners; sufficient for him to take in three facts about them,—that they were men, men of sword and gun, and men who interlarded their talk with much Bible phraseology. Given a puritan legend, and thus much intuition of puritan nature, and our poet will make out of it a very pretty fancy-historical sketch, which even the bitterest haters of Puritanism may read without recognising any of that sour crop-eared hypocrisy which is the basis of their ideal. Longfellow's Puritans have in truth very little of the Puritan about them; they are ordinary men and women, dressed up in a few of the stage-properties of Puritanism, and forced to talk a little puritanical language when the author is hard up for any thing more sensible to put into their mouths. They are like children playing at kings and queens; childhood appears through every thing, and the unreality of their acting proves at once that they only know by name the thing which they would represent. So, in spite of their denomination, and in spite of the affected language which sometimes disfigures their talk, the characters of our poet will be found natural enough, moved by the ordinary springs of action, and manifesting their peculiarities not in their manners nor in their deeds, but only in their words.

So, with this reservation, let it be assumed that Miles Standish and all the other settlers in the American Plymouth are what they call themselves, Puritans; and then let the assumption be forgotten, and the story read with no such cruel prejudice, and it will not be found either ungenial or uninteresting. Miles Standish is a captain,—a short, broad, iron man, with nut-brown face and russet beard flaked with patches of snow like a hedge in November (not a good simile for a beard); has a friend for his secretary, John Alden, fair-haired, azure-eyed, in the dew of youth: the Captain is boasting of his deeds and his arms, or commenting on the Commentaries of Cæsar, and drawing from each consideration the conclusion, "serve yourself, if you would be well served." John Alden is scribbling many a letter to be sent to England by the ship next day, all filled with the praises of Priscilla,—as pretty and natural a young orphan as she could have been even if her name had contained no smack of the prim and the priggish. The Captain has been brooding over the fair damsel; and forgetful of his motto "serve yourself," intrusts the reluctant and protesting John with an embassy of love.

John does his duty, makes the sacrifice, and pleads eloquently for his friend; the damsel is froward, and bids him speak for himself. He returns, and tells the Captain how he has fared. Miles is furious, insults poor John, and meditates further mischief, but is called out to fight the Indians, who, after a long campaign, cut him off and kill him; the lovers incontinently rush into each other's arms, and at the wedding-day the dead man, who has never been dead at all, re-appears in the character of heavy father, and blesses the bridegroom and the bride; and so the scene closes with a tableau of Priscilla sitting like Europa on a white ox, and John leading her home.

The Puritanism of Miles was not inconsistent with "apostolic blows and knocks;" he maintained twelve men all equipped with matchlocks, and paid

"Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage."

He had also a little library, in which were three great books,

"Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar.

And as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible."

Cæsar was his favourite, and he naturally turned to the dogs'-eared pages,

"—— where thumb-marks, thick on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed where the battle was hottest;"

and which would therefore have been a capital book for a schoolboy, as the dirt would have warned him what parts to miss, and would at the same time evince to his confiding parent the care he bestowed on solving difficulties. Miles was a small sententious man, fiery, "like a little chimney, soon hot" and soon cool again; passionate, but forgiving; hasty, but seldom forgetting himself so far as to use scriptural slang, and when he did, giving it a touch of profanity rather than of piety, and replying to the arguments of the puritan elder with a rather irreverent parody of the pentecostal gift:

"Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?

Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

A sentiment that draws down a mild rebuke from the only old man in the council—

"—— the hill that was nearest to heaven,

Covered with snow but erect, the excellent elder of Plymouth."

It is this old gentleman's trade to live in a kind of judaical



world, and to speak with the tongues of Gideons and Othniels. But the young gentleman John also comes out very strongly in this line, and by his copious use of scriptural imagery, that can hardly (in our altered circumstances) be the natural language of passion, but must be the "sweat of the brain," distilled chemically by thought rather than gushing spontaneously from the heart, nearly succeeds in making us take him for a hypocrite. On his embassy, when he thinks he must give up Priscilla, and determines to do so, after a few natural lines, such as

"Must I relinquish it all—the joy, the hope, the illusion?"

he soon lapses into divinity, and puts on the nightcap of John Knox—"truly the heart is deceitful;" "Satan appears like an angel of light;" "this is the hand of the Lord:"

"For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal:"

all these idols being apparently the poor unconscious Priscilla. As he approaches her house "in the solitude of the forest," he hears her

"Singing the hundredth psalm, the grand old puritan anthem;"

and as he opens the door he sees her spinning, with her psalm-book on her lap—a Dutch-printed volume:

"—— the words and the music together  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

She makes a very graceful picture; but if the outward sign was present, we are afraid that the inward grace was not there. As soon as she sees him, she owns that she was not thinking of what a pretty Puritan should think when she sings psalms:

"For I was thinking of you when I sat there singing and spinning."

Bump went John's heart when he heard the maiden's artless avowal; and there he stood

"Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled  
Thus in the sacred psalm that had come from the heart of the maiden."

No wonder the girl liked the "dewy youth" better than the grisly old hero; no wonder that John trembled, and did his friend's behest awkwardly, and bluntly gave his message with no more phrases than the Captain himself could have commanded. Poor Priscilla had been prettily confiding her sorrows to John; John answers by delivering his mes-

sage: "her eyes dilated with wonder, feeling his words like a blow that stunned her;" but she at last plucked up courage to say, "If the Captain wants me, why does he not woo me himself?" John explains, "He had no time for such things." Unfortunate John! he is yet deeper in the mire; Priscilla is offended.

"That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one;

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,—  
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman  
Does not respond at once to a love that is never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection  
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.  
When one is truly in love, one not only says it but shows it.  
Had he but waited a little, had he only showed that he loved me,  
Even this captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

The maiden's is not a very consistent character; so simple on the one hand that she as good as pops the question to John without meaning it, that she is quite at a loss to comprehend John's consequent awkwardness, and that she mistakes his flutter and trembling for anger: on the other hand, so wise that she has generalised love-making into a law, has argued herself into being an advocate for the woman's right of taking the initiative in that delicate proceeding, and can utter solemn saws about it like a matron of forty.

After the platonic discourse of the damsel, the swain begins, in simple and eloquent language, to set forth the praises of Miles; and it is now that the maiden coyly asks him why he does not speak for himself. He rushes out from her presence like a man insane, and takes a good dose of the infallible poetical nostrum for all heartaches—a sight of a sunset on the sea-shore:

"Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,  
Beating, remorseful and loud, the mutable sands of the sea-shore;  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty."

John's position is a painful one, doubtless; and his conduct under it, if not very strong or very sensible, is not at all unnatural; his somewhat chivalrous sense of duty pulls him one way, and his ever-growing passion another. Does he go out for a walk? against his will he is run away with by his legs to Priscilla's cottage, where he sits and spoons, but never with any intention to supplant the redoubtable, the fiery



Miles, who is all the while slaying Indians in the forest. At last, as they are sitting together, the news of Miles's death is brought in. And here we must certainly protest against the conduct of the lovers: we should have thought that a revulsion of feeling would have been the immediate effect on minds decently constituted; that they would have put off for a moment the triumph of their liberation, while they took shame to think that it required the annihilation of a hero, the sacrifice of the Hector who was the palladium of Plymouth, to smooth their way into each other's arms. But no; their eyes are open only to themselves; for others they have scarcely a thought; they are lovers after the model of those that Pope laughed at for their modest request—

“Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,  
And make two lovers happy;”

and when the news of Miles's death is told, and there is a panic about the Indians coming to burn all the town and murder all the people, John Alden, freed once and for ever from his chains,

“Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom  
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,  
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla;  
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming,  
‘Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder.’”

We protest with all our might against Mr. Longfellow's joining the stream of sentimental romancists, and bringing in sacred names to justify the view they give us of the Divine nature and of the relative importance of human actions in the eyes of Providence. The god of novelists is a kind of official Hymen, complacent even to crime, provided it is a means of attaining the hymeneal end, to which all other ends in this life and the next are subordinate. He is a being whose business it is to raise valleys, level mountains, and bridge seas that separate moaning lovers; by any means, fair or foul, to bring the pretty creatures together, no matter whether they walk over the ruins of burnt towns, or drive, like Tullia, over their fathers' dead bodies. He is a being not to our taste; we don't look down the “hatched, matched, and despatched” column in the *Times* for the most interesting news of the day. We think that even in the individual life there are more important duties than love-making, more significant crises than a sentimental marriage. So we confess that we do not like the conduct of John and Priscilla, and that poor old Miles Standish remains our hero, as probably Mr. Longfellow intended he should remain.

Nearly half the volume is occupied with fugitive pieces,

"birds of passage," as the poet names them. Some of these are very pretty. That called "St. Augustine's Ladder" contains good philosophy—"of our vices we can frame a ladder, if we will but tread beneath our feet each deed of shame."

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb,  
By slow degrees, by more and more  
The cloudy summits of our time. . . . .  
The heights, by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night."

In a country like America men of sound minds, who recognise in the family the great constituent element of social safety, see more clearly the value of the local associations which in old countries we enjoy but do not reason upon :

"All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is throng'd with quiet inoffensive ghosts  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear."

For the same reason Mr. Longfellow calls the domestic hearth, or the chimney of each man, his "golden milestone," from which he measures every distance; "the central point" which he keeps in view in his farthest wanderings, where lives the crackling blaze whose sounds he hears as he heard them when he sat with those that were and are not :

"Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.  
We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures;  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!"

There are many pretty conceits and images in these short



pieces, but nothing great. There is an ingenious image, somewhat inverted, wherein the men in a ropewalk are compared to human spiders, who spin and spin, dropping backward down their thread so thin, each a great mass of hemp. The poet sometimes affects a kind of mediæval simplicity, telling the authority from which he draws his story in his first stanza, as the first verse of some of the psalms consists of David's direction to his chief musician, and as in the Lamentations of Holy Week the cantor sings the *Incipit Lamentatio* and the Hebrew numerals Aleph, Beth, and Ghimel as pathetically as he sings the *Videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus*; so Longfellow :

“ In Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.”

Our poet proved in his *Golden Legend* that he had a very great power of treating and reproducing the simple old effusions of the middle ages. This power is partly to be attributed to his weakness—a weakness for the Peter-Bell school of insipid innocence and sincere milk-and-water. But his tattle is guarded by his common sense from descending into the ridiculous; though not protected from the danger of stopping short before it has attained the heights, and of spending all its strength, if not on the commonplace, at least on that which is far from reaching the ideal of sublimity or beauty. Hence, perhaps, the facility with which his poetry may be parodied. When *Hiawatha* appeared, the journals teemed with imitations, many not far short of the original; and we remember that a facetious contributor sent us some rather successful versions of nursery legends done into the same metre, which our readers, for some reason, had not the pleasure of seeing. This ease of imitation shows that the sample imitated is not above a rather ordinary capacity of production. Longfellow's power is in his affluence; his copious flow, and the interesting and pathetic character of his tales,—for which he is read much more than for the worth of his poetical images or the power of his rhetoric,—are the things which his imitators cannot arrive at. His art does not reach to the production of a Phidian Jove, or a Cupid of Praxiteles; but he cuts ordinary faces with the profusion of a Geerts, and draws gurgoyles with the facility of a Pugin. All his characters are of a commonplace type, with some feature brought out with a touch of exaggeration that borders on the caricature. Those who parody him are so like him because they only go one step further than he goes; there is no impassable gulf

between them, as between Shakespeare and Dr. Croly. His people are average men and women, with very proper sentiments, dressed up generally very successfully in old armour, in monks' weeds, or in puritan buff, and generally, as we said, with some feature set on awry, some nose out of joint. Hence, perhaps, his predilection for the queer, and his success in dressing up old legends in modern fancy-ball costume, and in animating the singular lore of Rabbins with pathetic power and touching significance.

There is one such piece in the present volume—"Sandalphon," the angel of prayer:

"The angels of wind and of fire  
Chant only one hymn and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.  
  
But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmov'd by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow;  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below."

Mr. Longfellow has quite a remarkable power of interpreting and giving life to these legends; his mind is peculiarly open to their solid palpable forms, and is comparatively unimpressible in the presence of more airy and subtle modes of thought. We might almost call him a positivist in poetry, so material are all the forms of his thought; though we must do him the justice to say that he is no positivist in his philosophy. It is this positivism that leads him to make a poetical use of the curiosity which characterises the natural historian; as the latter forms a museum in which he amasses old bones, pebbles, broken crockery, rusty nails, and stuffed animals, so does our poet give an asylum in his cantos to all kinds of rusty worn-out thoughts and mythi. *Hiawatha*, if we could implicitly trust it, would be an exceedingly valuable collection of Indian traditions—some of them so childish, that when we recall them we wonder how any writer could have had the hardihood to put them forth as poetry at all. But there are periods when antiquarianism ceases to be dry, and is for a moment or two tinged with the setting sun of true poetic inspiration. We might point to the Alexandrian cyclic poets as one instance, and to Mr. Longfellow as another.

This is one element of Mr. Longfellow's easy imitability. Another is his singular choice of metres. Does it argue in



him great difficulty of invention, a defective fancy, or a defective ear, that he always chooses such easy jog-trot measures and such conversational rhythms, and that he indulges us with so few rhymes? The hexameters and trochaics which he seems to have adopted in his tales are so absolutely easy, that we would undertake to turn the last new novel into either measure in a couple of months; after reading a hundred or two such lines, the words we would utter arrange themselves into metre, and it becomes almost an instinctive form. Neither is Mr. Longfellow always very careful about his quantities: we have found instances where he treats two short syllables as two long ones, and where the lines halt grievously in consequence,—so much so, that if they were not printed as poetry, we much question whether the ordinary reader would not suppose them to be prose. Dr. Johnson tells us of a man who believed he was a poet, and that this was a poetical line:

“Lay your knife and fork across your plate.”

It would be a curious question, How much of Mr. Longfellow's popularity is due to the miscellaneous antiquarian collections which he embalms in his pages? How far has this taste extended among the people? Of course there is now no question of restoring the mythology of the Chippeways or the theology of the Rabbins. There are no students who are fanatics enough to wish to galvanise the effete systems into a new and unnatural life, as Julian and Plotinus actually attempted, and as, in our own days, Goethe and Shelley affected to desire. Our collectors collect with quite other aims. Instead of raking up opinions in order to restore them, our friends rake them up to exhibit them: and to exhibit them, not as in a museum of practical art, for imitation, but as in a mere museum of antiquities, for curiosity; not for the dry curiosity of the historical student, which likes the raw-material better than the same stuff woven into verse, but simply for the curiosity of an empty soul that seeks amusement, and wishes for an amusement that has something human in it, and something that at the same time teaches him a little of the past condition of the progress of his race. At the same time, in order to render the lesson palatable, it must be presented in a pleasing form, flattering to his tastes; it must be invested with a certain grave mockery and irony to make it readable, otherwise it would be as dry and dusty as an auctioneer's catalogue. And this irony would not be the irony of love or passion, like the reproaches of Elias to the priests of Baal, or the satyric drama after the tragic trilogy in Athens,

or the libellous mocking verses of the Roman soldiers following their general in triumph, or the profound alternation of philosophy run mad in Tom with madness philosophising in Lear. There is a sort of irony, says Charles Lamb, which perplexed lovers use when they borrow language of dislike to express that love which they have no terms truly to describe, and instead of calling their sweethearts by names of formal admiration,

“Call her cockatrice and siren,  
Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil;”

because they know no other way to express a joy and a love so acute that

“They do not rightly wot  
Whether it be pain or not.”

Longfellow's irony is not like this. It has no similarity to that Neapolitan familiarity with the objects of worship which seems to us grossly indecent, though to the warm feelings of the Southern it is the expression of tenderness. Our poet has no tenderness, no feelings towards the legends he records, except sometimes a wonder at their absurdity, a smile at their simplicity, or an admiration for their ingenuity. But they have one link of feeling. They remind us of our childhood — of those times when Queen Mab used to come to us, and drive over us in her tiny coach; when we busied ourselves with the forms of thought without much troubling ourselves what we should put into them; when we built empty castles, or peopled them with shadowy kings and queens, with knights who fought dragons, and with giants who devoured men; when we thought of

“—— ladies purloined,  
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind;”

and when the *Arabian Nights* were our ideals, not of tales, but of realities.

But the man does not return to these legends with the faith or fervour of boyhood; he reminds himself of them, just as he sits and watches the Turk's head in the fire, as a pleasing exercise of fancy and memory: they are no longer his meat and drink, but a mere amusement; not an occupation, but a relaxation of mind. Authors who have turned their powers to this kind of writing have been plentiful since the revival of literature. Rabelais, Montaigne, Burton, Butler the author of *Hudibras*, all more or less owe their power to their erudition, and to the extravagant way in which they put together and disfigure the ideas of their predecessors. Longfellow has nothing of the peculiar power of these great writers;



they appeal to the intellect only; and though they do not pretend, except in a negative way, to influence the judgment,—though they only appear to help us to

“— construe things after our fashion  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves,”

by their pat allusions, quirkish reasons, tart irony, lusty hyperbole, plausible reconciling of contradictions, acute nonsense, and crafty mistakes in the most obvious matters,—yet almost every sentence sets the wits to work if only by its repugnance to reason, and stimulates thought by the very absurdity of the conceits, which, though they only make a ripple on the surface of the understanding, provoke us to stir for ourselves the profounder depths of thought. In the museums of these men the stuffed animals are not mere stuffed animals, but symbols or caricatures of something higher, like those of a certain great naturalist in Yorkshire, who makes a toad do duty for Luther, and perhaps a rat for George I. Mr. Longfellow's collections are not of this kind: they are either mere lists of things, and properties of some of the persons of his dramas,—not selected for their absurdity or acuteness, but only for the sake of making a show of historical completeness—not as salt to season, but as bran to stuff his figures; or they are opinions chosen for the sake of the fanciful, or imaginative, or pathetic use he can make of them, raising an external picture before our eyes, but not attracting us to any real exercise of thought. Longfellow is a romance-writer—that is his nature; his province is to interest our feelings, which he does with great success: but he is neither a philosophic poet nor a humorist.

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#### JOHN HAMBLEY, ALIAS TREGWETHAN, MARTYR.

THERE is none of the missionary priests whose lives are contained in Challoner's volumes of whom less seems to be known than of John Hambley. And we are afraid that the additional particulars which we have to give concerning him will not raise him very considerably in the estimation of our readers. However, *finis coronat opus*. Charity, especially the charity that is stronger than death, covers a multitude of sins. There are some of the martyrs of Gorcum whose previous lives were scandalous; but they were purified in their baptism of blood, and the Church now proposes them to our veneration.

Thus much apology is due to the Catholic who feels inclined to be scandalised at our uncovering the nakedness of one of our champions, and showing that though he was a man weak as ourselves, in spite of his falls he had at last the grace to die for the faith "with wonderful constancy," as Dr. Champney testifies. If any of our Protestant readers is inclined to sneer at our calling such a person a martyr, let him consider on how much slenderer grounds he has awarded the palm-branch to Cranmer,—a man who recanted any thing as often as he was bid, and who at last only recanted his recantation in the midst of the flames when he found all retreat hopeless, and when a lie could no longer serve his turn. At any rate, there is no proof that Hambley was as weak as Cranmer.

Challoner says that Hambley was a native of the diocese of Exeter; and F. Warford, his contemporary, declares that Somersetshire was his native county.\* This is a mistake; he was a Cornish man, of the parish of St. Maby's, according to his own confession. Of the details of his life Challoner was in almost absolute ignorance. The very date and place of his death was a matter of the greatest uncertainty. Champney places it at York, September 9, 1587; Wilson and Molanus place it at Chard in Somersetshire, July 20, 1587. This also, though Oliver says it is nearly certain, is certainly a mistake. Dodd antedates his death by two years. The Bishop of Tarazona places his name in his list of martyrs for 1588.

The real dates of the different acts of his life and death, as may be gathered from the documents we are about to refer to, are as follows. His first doubts of the Establishment began with his reading Parsons's *Reasons of Refusal*, about August 1582. At Christmas, the same year, he resolved never to go to church again, and came up to London. Between that time and May 1583 he was reconciled, and immediately set out for Rheims. He landed at Dieppe May 4, went to Paris, and thence to Dr. Allen at Rheims, where he remained almost two years. He returned to England a little before Easter 1585, stayed some five weeks in London, and retired to Dorsetshire in May. Soon after Easter 1586, he was apprehended at Chard—a circumstance which gave rise to the report of his being hanged in that town—and was tried and convicted at the Taunton assizes; however, on his promising conformity he was reprieved, but soon afterwards made his escape. This fall of his was considerably softened down by Warford, who tells us that "he was betrayed at an inn by a gentleman's servant, and fared very hard during *two years'* imprisonment (this is a great mistake in time), not without blame to some

\* Oliver Collections, West of England, p. 318.



Catholics living at no great distance, who might have relieved him in his necessities. At his arraignment, a verdict was found against him. The judge, Mr. Baron Gent, addressed him in such soft and pathetic terms, that the prisoner's constancy appeared to the court to be staggering, and he inclining to conform, when a stranger stepped forward, and delivered to him a letter. He read it again and again, and became so deeply affected as to burst into tears, but declined to tell the bystanders the cause of his distress. The next morning he announced in open court his deep shame for his weakness, and bitterly repented that the judge's solicitations and his own terror had for a time shaken his resolution; but said that now the most excruciating torments would prove most acceptable to him. On the following day he went rejoicing to execution. It was manifest that the letter produced this extraordinary change; yet up to this day, notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry, it has remained a secret who was its writer or its deliverer, whence some, not without reason, believed that it came from his angel-guardian.\* We are afraid that the confession which we are about to publish will throw the gravest doubts upon much of this coloured picture; though there can be no doubt that after his fall at Taunton, and one more fall at Salisbury, he finally triumphed.

After his escape from Taunton gaol he went to Knowle, near Salisbury, where he was apprehended by the Bishop and by Justice Estcourt, August 14, 1586, and in their presence made a full confession on the 18th of the same month; but still was kept in prison, apparently because he refused to carry out his promise of conformity, and so was hanged at Salisbury about Easter 1587. Our authority for this is, first, a letter from Stokes, a retainer of the Earl of Northumberland, to Dr. Elye, dated Rouen, May 10, 1587.† His informant was a nun, Elizabeth Saunders, a sister of the historian, who had resided in Hampshire, not so far from Salisbury, and had then just arrived from England. It was reported there, she said, "that Mr. Pylcher was executed of late, with two laymen, in Dorsetshire, about Easter last. *Mr. Hampden at Salisbury*. Two priests at Gloucester; one was Mr. Saundes, in summer last. One other priest to death at Worcester, whose name I cannot name; which I was desirous to have learned because of our friend Mr. Shaw."

Pilchard suffered at Dorchester, March 21, 1587. Chalonier makes no mention of the two laymen, who seem, from the account given by Oliver from Warford's Ms., to have

\* Oliver, ut sup. p. 318.

† Ellis's Letters, second series, vol. iii. p. 128.

been a malefactor whom the martyr converted at the place of execution, and William Pike, a carpenter. Mr. Jessop, his friend, also died of misery, filth, and starvation in Dorchester gaol. The *Hampden* who suffered at Salisbury is evidently Hambley, who would naturally be hanged where he was captured. Sandes suffered at Gloucester, August 2 or 11, 1586; the other priest who was put to death in that town was Stephen Rousham, the date of whose martyrdom was in March 1587, evidently not in July, the alternative date given by Challoner. We can find no record whatever of any priest who was put to death in Worcester at this time, though another letter of intelligence from Dr. Gifford to Dr. Elye confirms the report:

“TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Five priests executed in England, in divers places—four hanged, drawn, and quartered, the fifth stoned, because he would not answer to no interrogatories of *ifs* and I cannot tell what.\* Their names were Pilcher, Sandes, Hanllie (*i. e.* Hambley), *et reliquos nescio*. The rest, as I hear since, Da. Kinge, Patinson; but this is not certain.

Mr. Peters, at Rouen, long since is dead; Mr. Parnell taken by prodicion of a serving-man in Monmouthshire. . . .

Persecution in England monstrous great; no passage at all but by stealth in Scotch vessels; great talk that Drake is overthrown; *sed non credo*.

The Lord Chancellor is dead, Sir Christopher Hatton† in his place; Sir Ralph Sadler dead, and Walsingham in his place; the Chancellor of the Duchy, Raleigh, in Hatton's place, and Sir Amias Paulet in Walsingham's; the Earl of Rutland is dead also.‡

They muster and play the devil in England; great bruit that Leicester carrieth awry again, *sed non credo*. He is gone to the Bath sick; they say incurable, *sed nec hoc credo*.

The Lord Paget, Sir Francis Englefield, Charles Paget, Francis Throckmorton, and the rest, executed at London; their lands are confiscated by act of parliament, notwithstanding all conveyances to the contrary.”§

Such were the interesting and encouraging newspapers which our fathers in the faith used to receive at Rheims, Douai, Pont-à-Mousson, and the other retreats of their lonely exile. The above only contains one piece of absolutely false intelligence, namely, the execution of Lord Paget and the rest; so we may suppose that there was foundation for the

\* The common question by which priests were entrapped was, “If the Pope declared war on the queen, whose side would you take?”

† He succeeded Bromley in April 1587.

‡ He died April 1587.

§ Lansdowne Ms., 96, art. 31.



report of the priest being stoned or pressed to death at Worcester for refusing to plead. But our present business is not with this unnamed martyr, so we will return to John Hambley and his confession. The following documents referring to him are found in the State-Paper Office, under the date of August 20, 1586. The first is a letter of the Bishop of Salisbury and Justice Estcourt to the Privy Council, giving an account of the capture of Hambley.

“ . . . . Upon a search made, on the Eve of the Assumption of our Lady last, in such suspected and other recusants' houses as are near about these parts,—for the solemnisation of which popish feast we thought these persons would assemble themselves together,—we found in one recusant's house, at Knoyle, near Sarum, a seminary Rheims man called John Hambley, alias Tregwethan, a Cornish man born, who, as he confesseth, hath said divers Masses, as well in London as in the country, and hath reconciled divers; so hath he discovered and set down the names of divers seminaries, very dangerous and seditious people, some remaining about London and some of them in other counties. These persons being the known enemies of God, and dangerous to her majesty's most happy government, we thought it our duties to advertise your honours as well of this person as of his confession, the copy whereof we have herewith sent unto you, to whose honourable consideration we leave him and his deserts. This seminary (as it falleth out by his confession) was, at this last assizes holden in Somersetshire, indicted and condemned upon the new statute of treason as a seminary priest, and since brake prison and escaped; and yet the man is not so obstinate at this time but he can be contented (so he may obtain mercy of her majesty and pardon for his life) to forsake the Pope, come to the church, and willingly follow her majesty's proceedings, as he beareth us in hand. And thus we heartily leave your good lordships to God's merciful tuition. From Sarum, this 20th August, anno 1586.

JO. SARUM.

GYLES ESTCOURTE.”

This very apostolic pastoral of a Bishop thirsting, not for the salvation, but for the blood, of those whom he called his flock, is followed by the confession of Hambley, who, however he “was bearing the Bishop in hand,” that is, hoaxing him with half promises of apostasy, did not hoax him at all with regard to his brethren, but ruthlessly betrayed their names, their abodes, and their personal marks, giving enough information about each to ensure his condemnation for felony, if not treason, as soon as he was caught. We will give the substance of this document, which is too prolix to be copied word by word; it is headed,

“Confession of John Hambley, alias Tregwethan, of the parish

of St. Mabyn, Cornwall; taken August 18, 1586, before John Bishop of Sarum and Gyles Estcourt, Esq., J.P. for Wiltshire."

Hambley was brought up from his infancy in different schools in his own county, where he learnt Latin, except for some time while he was living at home. About four years before his examination, a book of Father Parsons, *The Reasons of Refusal*, was lent him by a fellow-parishioner of his, Nicholas Baldwin, who had been scholar of Exeter College, Oxford: his conversations with this man, his reading of Parsons's book, and his previous inclination to the Catholic religion, made him resolve, at Christmas 1582, not to go to church any more; and since that time he never attended any service in any church in England. About the same time, for fear of getting into prison for his refusal to go to church, he went up to London, and lived at the Sun and Seven Stars in Smithfield till the following May, during which period he met with a Cornish priest, David Tomson of Blisland, whose real name was David Kemp, and with Fortescue, another seminary priest, who both lodged at the Red Lion in Holborn. He had been acquainted with these men before, having seen the latter at Michael Baldwin's in Cornwall. He was reconciled by Fortescue in a chamber over the gate of the Red Lion, in this manner: after making his confession he kneeled before the priest, who reconciled him with these words: "Ipse Dominus noster Jesus Christus, qui est summus Pontifex, absolvat te; et ego, auctoritate illius licet indignissimo mihi commissâ, absolvo te ab omni vinculo excommunicationis majoris et minoris quantum possum et indiges. Deinde, absolvo te ab omnibus peccatis tuis, in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen." After this he was enjoined to say for his penance a certain number of *Paters* and *Aves*, and one *Credo*. Tomson and Fortescue had both been beyond sea, had been ordained priests there, and had returned; Fortescue, he thought, had once been of one of the inns of court. Before Hambley went over to Rheims, he used to resort much to Richard Norris and Mr. Tether, two seminary priests who were prisoners in the Marshalsea, where he heard Mass in Norris's chamber, in the presence of Baldwin and others whom he had forgotten; this was in Lent 1583. About Easter, the same year, he heard another Mass in another chamber of the Marshalsea, said either by Mr. Trippet or by Mr. Warmington, in the presence of himself, a lady then a prisoner, her daughter and maid-servant, and Mr. William Norris, brother to Richard the priest. He was present also at another Mass in the beginning of Lent 1583, said by Mr. Weeks, a seminary priest and native of London, in a cham-



ber of Alice Holte, near Bishopgate, where, besides himself, Weeks, and Alice Holte, there were present a sister of Mr. Warmington, and Eveline, sister of Nicholas Baldwin.

Hambley went over sea with the intention of going to Rheims, and took ship at Rye in company with Arthur Stratford of Gloucestershire, Mr. Manney, whose mother then lived in London, Wm. Norris, and two others. They landed at Dieppe on the 4th of May, and went together to Rouen, where they fell in with three Lancashire men—Hodson, Thomson and Nightingale—also on their way to Rheims, with whom he and Norris went to Paris, and after a stay of two or three days there, proceeded to Rheims. As soon as they had made known to Dr. Allen that they had exiled themselves for conscience-sake, he received them into the college. There were at that time two hundred English men and boys in the establishment, Allen being president, Mr. Bailey vice-president. Dr. Webb read to the collegiates Cajetan's *Summa*, and sometimes Navarre, or the Enchiridion of cases of conscience and matters of confession; Dr. Barrett read controversies; Dr. Stephens and Dr. Elye were students; Dr. Gifford read the first part of St. Thomas; Mr. Parkins, or Parkinson, licentiate, expounded a part of a chapter every day after dinner, and Mr. Morris a part of the Old Testament after supper. Mr. Lewknor was governor of the little boys; Mr. Gerard, a priest, had some charge over them; and young Gifford and Hudson taught logic and philosophy. Hambley also permitted himself to reveal the names of a number of priests and students who were still awaiting at Rheims their turn to be sent over to England. Among the priests were Hemans, God-sall, Cope, James,\* Baldwin (a Lancashire man), Hanmer, Reynolds, Yaxley,† Harrison,‡ Lancaster, Michel, Grey, Lyster, and Wollesley. Among the students were Simpson, Way,§ Gerard,|| Osbaldeston,¶ Patinson,\*\* and two boys, Bray and Grey. Hambley remained nearly two years at college, studying cases of conscience under Dr. Webb, and controversy under Barrett. He received the minor orders from the Cardinal of Guise, the subdiaconate from the Bishop of Transalpina, the diaconate from the Cardinal, and was ordained priest at Laon by the Bishop there.

Dr. Webb gave him about four pounds to pay for his

- \* Martyred at Chichester, Oct. 1, 1589.
- † " Oxford, July 5, 1589.
- ‡ " York, March 22, 1602.
- § " Kingston, Surrey, Sept. 23, 1588.
- || " Rochester, April 30, 1590.
- ¶ " York, 1594.
- \*\* " Tyburn, 1592.



journey to England, and dressed him up like a serving-man, "as the manner is:" he was sent "by the license and appointment of Dr. Allen, to convert those that were in error and to save souls, to whom he did affirm to do his uttermost endeavour to convert those in England which were not of the Romish religion." He came over in Lent, a little before Easter 1585, in a French bottom, and landed on the sands thirty miles beyond Ipswich. Two priests came over with him, Morris Williams, a Welshman, and James Clayton, the latter of whom landed at Newcastle. Hambley and Williams went together to London, and lodged at the Blue Boar, Holborn, for about a fortnight, when he removed to the Red Lion, Holborn, leaving Williams at the Blue Boar. He remained in London about five weeks, and said Mass by the appointment of Father Cornelius in a chamber of Gray's Inn, in the presence of nine or ten gentlemen, mostly of Gray's Inn, one of whom was named Good. They had provided all things necessary for him,—“a Mass-book, and all other things incident and appertaining to the same.” The chamber was at the entrance of the court of Gray's Inn, coming from the upper part of Holborn and turning to the left. In it there were vestments provided for him—alb, amice, maniple, stole, girdle—wine and “singing-cake,” a Mass-book, superaltare, and altar-cloths. After Mass he made holy bread and holy water. Mr. Good was a young man, somewhat high-coloured in favour, whom he reconciled in a little study in the same chamber, on the north side, at the upper end from the entrance. The board where he said Mass stood on the south side, and the light came from the west. He was introduced by his countryman Father Cornelius\* to Good, who brought him to the chamber. The gentlemen were about twenty-four years old, except one, who might have been thirty, with a black beard and lean face, and dressed as if he belonged to one of the inns of court: they collected about ten or eleven shillings for him; six or seven of the party communicated.

After this Good and he had two or three conferences together in Gray's-Inn Fields, a place behind Gray's Inn where seminaries and Catholics sometimes made appointments to meet. About a fortnight afterwards he said another Mass in Fleet Street, at a house near the great conduit, on the left going towards Paul's, within two or three doors of a chandler's shop. He was taken there by two of those who had heard his Mass in Gray's Inn; the congregation included Mr. Good and Mr. Smith, of one of the inns of court, a gentleman of a

\* Martyred at Dorchester, 1594.

reasonable stature, pale face, and lean, without any beard: one or two communicated, and they collected for him about five shillings.

Hambley left London in May 1585, and was directed by his countryman Nicholas Blewett to Andrew Munday,\* living at a farm of Mr. Watkins, in Beaminster, Dorset, where he has generally resided, and has said eight or nine Masses served by Wm. Barrett, a weaver of Maperton. At one of these Masses two unknown gentlemen were present: one of them somewhat high-coloured, with a flaxen beard, of middle stature, and about thirty years of age; the other about the same height, somewhat blacker in complexion, with a black beard, and not thirty years old. At the other Masses, which were all said in Munday's chamber, only Munday and Barrett assisted. He also said a Mass in January 1586 at Mr. Whitell's, within a mile of Munday's. Moreover he resorted to the house of Mr. James Peppyns, near Bridgwater, whom he had reconciled at the Three Crowns Inn there, in a chamber where they two lay all night. This gentleman gave him about five shillings.

Since Easter 1586 he had ridden to Chard to meet Mr. Fulford, son to Sir John Fulford, a person who had been a Catholic much longer than Hambley: he met him at an inn where they slept that night, and the next day came towards Munday's, when he was apprehended in the way at Crockhorn, with Mr. Fulford and a young lady whom Fulford was going to marry at Munday's house; all three were taken before the attorney-general, who committed him to the gaol at Ilchester, and let the man and woman go home to Devonshire. He intended to marry these persons the next day at Munday's house.

Afterwards he enumerated the money he had received from different friends towards his maintenance: twenty shillings from Father Cornelius; five from a priest named Crowder; five from a gentleman named White, a tall slender man with a black beard; and ten from Mr. Fulford at Chard, besides that already mentioned.

Then he betrayed the names of other priests whom he knew in England,—Sherwood, Dallison, Vivian and Father Curry, both Cornish men; and of two more students whom he remembered at Rheims, Trevethan and Williamson. He apologised for not remembering more names because "the common manner among the seminaries is not to be known the one to the other, not what they do nor where they live;

\* Probably of the family of John Munday of Maperton, who was martyred Feb. 12, 1584.



but when they meet they confer one with another in cases of conscience and questions in divinity," to help each other.

He told how there were Jesuit schools at Verdun, Pont-à-Mousson, and Eu, where English boys were brought up in the Catholic religion; and how the manner at Rheims was, that when any person came thither to be instructed, he should bring sufficient with him to maintain him; if not, he was maintained by the contributions and benevolence of the Pope and King of Spain and different persons in France.

At the last assizes holden at Taunton, Somerset, he was condemned for being a seminary priest, "and had his judgment thereupon; and yet, upon his submission and promise of reconciliation to her majesty's laws, he was reprieved:" but because he lay there upon the hard boards, and had but the allowance of a penny a day, and could not get the additional twopence a day, nor the bed, which were allowed and appointed to him, he escaped, and came to the widow Brown's house at Knoyle, by a direction he had received through Dallison from Mr. Barnes, a Catholic, and son-in-law to Mrs. Brown, at whose house he was apprehended during a search on Sunday night, August 14, 1586.

The confession is signed, "John Hambley, alias Tregwethan;" and countersigned, "Jo. Sarum" and "Gyles Estcourt."

Now all this reads like very innocent good-natured gossip; but there was not a word but had its sting. Would Bishops and justices, think you, have blandly extracted all this out of a reluctant examinee, had it fairly copied, and sent up to the head-quarters of government, to be studied by the lords of the council, unless they expected to make something of it? To complete their list of names to be sent to all English ports; to guide the officers in their capture of priests; to help them to purge the inns of court of the troublesome Papists that infested them; to put pursuivants on the scent, and lead to the capture of the priests in England;—such was the real use and the real meaning of all this confession. And the government knew what to do with it. There are but few out of all the names which Hambley mentioned which do not appear either in the lists of prisoners or in that of martyrs; some, alas, also in that of apostates, or at least of weak men who were frightened by the prospect of martyrdom, and escaped by an external conformity.

Hambley never went so far as this. He scrupled not to "bear in hand" his tormentors, and to make them believe that he would in time do all they told him; but when it came to the point, like some others of whom Sir Thomas Lucy



complained, "he started aside like a broken bow," and either broke prison and escaped, or, if he were too well watched for that, submitted his neck to the rope, and his bowels to the knife, rather than commit the sin which in a moment of weakness he had promised to commit.

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#### THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE AND PRUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

IF ever a royal house attained to greatness by means of Protestantism, it is that of Prussia. At the time of the Reformation Prussia belonged to the order of Teutonic Knights, who had subdued and converted it to Christianity. In 1511 Albert of Brandenburg was elected grand-master of the order. In 1522 he repaired to a diet of the German Empire at Nuremberg, to solicit aid from the Emperor against the King of Poland: the king exacted homage and tribute from the Teutonic Knights, and Albert now sought to shake off the yoke. At Nuremberg he made the acquaintance of Osiander and Luther, who advised him to seize Prussia for himself, and convert it into a secular dukedom; in other words, to swindle his fellow-knights out of the property which they had intrusted to his stewardship. Albert followed this advice, and came to an agreement with Sigismund king of Poland by which he received Prussia as a temporal dukedom in fee from the Polish crown. This agreement took place April 8, 1525. In vain the people rose in insurrection; in vain the Teutonic Knights protested against so nefarious a transaction. Abetted by the King of Poland, by his servile states, and the apostate Bishops of Samland and Pomerania, Albert triumphed over every opposition. The ban of the empire was fulminated against him; but the thunderbolt was harmless, owing to the political difficulties which then beset the emperor. Thus the faithless grand-master was enabled to carry out with impunity his plans of aggrandisement, to suppress the convents and chapters of his new dukedom, to marry a wife, contrary to his vows of chastity—in a word, to turn Protestant, and compel his subjects to do the same. In 1701 the Elector, Frederic III. of Brandenburg, first assumed the title of Frederic I. king of Prussia. Afterwards came Frederic II., the hero of his race; a hero worthy of his ancestor, the grand-master Albert, whose work he completed by raising the new

kingdom to the rank of a leading European power, and partitioning Poland in payment of Albert's debt to King Sigismund. It is well known in how flagrant a manner he conquered Silesia from Austria. At the Peace of Breslau, in 1742, when that Catholic province was made over to him, he solemnly agreed to maintain the *status quo* of the Catholic Church. This agreement he kept as a friend of Voltaire might be expected to keep it. He observed a few forms, to show a decent exterior; while, by a series of secret orders to the government authorities in Silesia, he entirely excluded the Catholics from all offices of state, as well as from the higher municipal dignities. He also usurped into his own hands the election of Bishops and abbots; and in their appointment pursued a system of intimidation which silenced all opposition. Thus he compelled the canons of Breslau, after a short resistance on their part, to elect his favourite, Count Schaffgotch, a notorious disciple of Voltaire, as Prince-Bishop of that city. Frederic moreover declared null and void all contracts entered into by married persons before marriage regulating the education of their children. He decreed instead that the sons should be brought up in the religion of their fathers, and the daughters in that of their mothers, till they reached the years of discretion. Under Frederic's successors, the persecution of the Catholic Church in Prussia was carried on with increased rigour. The equality of Catholics before the law was systematically violated to their prejudice in every branch of the public service. Infidel-minded teachers were arbitrarily appointed in their schools; their convents and pious foundations were every where suppressed, and the funds applied to Protestant purposes. In 1810 a law was passed obliging all Catholic soldiers to attend the service of the Protestant Church one Sunday in every month, in order, as it was said, to impress them with a due respect for the prevailing religion of the state. Nothing short of the utter destruction of the Catholic religion seemed to be contemplated. For this end, the laws relating to mixed marriages were deemed of the last importance, and were looked upon as the surest means of gradually merging Catholicism in the Protestantism of the state. The Prussian politicians calculated that, in a country inhabited by a majority of Protestants, the chances of a Protestant man marrying a Catholic wife must be much more frequent than the reverse, because experience taught that mixed marriages mostly took place from the men changing their places of abode, as in the case more particularly of government officials. Hence a royal declaration was issued in 1803, to the effect that in fu-



ture, instead of the children of mixed marriages being educated, the sons in the religion of the father, the daughters in that of the mother, till their fourteenth year, as decreed by Frederic II., they should all, without difference of sex, be bred up exclusively in the religion of the father; and that neither of the parents should have the power to make the other depart from this regulation by any kind of compact. In Silesia, such was the religious indifference which sprang up among clergy and laity under the auspices of Bishops like Schaffgotch and his successor Hohenloe Bartenstein, a man of kindred character, that the iniquitous laws of the government on mixed marriages were accepted without opposition.

Far different was it in Westphalia and the Rhine provinces, on their falling under the sway of Prussia in 1814. In these strictly Catholic regions, Westphalia especially, mixed marriages were hitherto almost unknown. But now, in consequence of the great influx of Protestant officials appointed by the government at Berlin, such marriages began to be very frequent. The spiritual authorities, therefore, aware of the laws already in force for the rest of the kingdom, applied for instructions at Rome. Pope Pius VII. addressed in consequence a Brief, dated April 25th, 1817, to the vicariate-general of Ehrenbreitstein, enjoining the Catholic clergy, at the celebration of mixed marriages, to abstain from every act which could imply any approbation of such unions. If it were sought to compel Catholic pastors to assist at their celebration, "then," said the Brief, "you must by all means manifest your pastoral zeal, and declare your resolution to obey God rather than man." In another Brief, of October 31st, 1819, to the same vicariate, the Pope declared that a dispensation for a mixed marriage would not be granted by the Holy See except on condition of the Catholic education of the children being first of all guaranteed: "such being required," wrote his Holiness, "by our holy religion, which, as it is alone holy, alone true, alone from God, must needs reject all other confessions, nor can tolerate that, from a marriage solemnised under its auspices, an offspring should proceed which would be excluded from the fold of Christ." These Briefs were received with due obedience by the clergy to whom they were addressed, and strictly followed. This exasperated the Prussian government to the highest degree. In 1825, King Frederic William III. issued a cabinet order denouncing the conduct of the Catholic clergy in Westphalia and on the Rhine as an abuse, from which they were required to desist in future on pain of deprivation, and proclaiming the royal declaration of 1803 to be as much the law of the land for



them as for Silesia. Nay, his majesty even went so far as to lay down regulations for the clergy in the confessional, forbidding them to make the Protestant education of the children of a mixed marriage a reason for withholding absolution. Such a flagrant violation of the rights of conscience as was this cabinet order naturally created the greatest excitement; and the complaints of the newly-appointed Bishops forced the cabinet at Berlin to enter into negotiations with the Holy See. The result was the Brief of Pius VIII., dated March 25th, 1830, to the Archbishop of Cologne and his suffragan Bishops of Trêves, Munster, and Paderborn, in which the Pope conceded to the temporal power all that he possibly could permit consistently with Catholic doctrine. He conceded, in a word, the validity of such mixed marriages as in future might not be concluded according to the forms prescribed by the Council of Trent (no other canonical impediment standing in the way), and allowed Catholic priests, provided only that they had repeatedly admonished the bride of her duty beforehand, to assist passively at mixed marriages in an unconsecrated place, without performing any religious rite, and so to enter them in the registry-book. And yet this Brief by no means satisfied the wishes of the Prussian government; so that, though it was accepted with thanks by Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian envoy at Rome, it was not published, but kept back till Gregory XVI. succeeded the short-lived Pius VIII., when it was presented to the new Pope, with the request that he would make certain alterations in it. These were, that the Brief should be purged of all expressions referring to the dogma of the one saving Church; of all passages of an admonitory sort on the duty of educating children as Catholics; finally, of every word about the passive assistance of the clergy at uncanonical mixed marriages, especially about their abstaining on such occasions from every religious ceremony or sign of approbation. To this the Holy Father replied, that he could not possibly make such alterations without betraying the duties of his apostolical office. The matter now remained quiet till the spring of 1834, when Chevalier Bunsen was instructed to quit Rome for Berlin, and to bring the Brief of Pope Pius with him. At the same time Count Spiegel, Archbishop of Cologne, also received a royal summons to repair to Berlin. Here he was prevailed upon to yield to the wishes of Frederic William III., and to join his majesty and Chevalier Bunsen in concocting a secret convention, by which the Brief of Pope Pius VIII. was subjected to a forced interpretation, contrary to its true meaning, and in accordance with the views of the

Prussian monarch. This done, Archbishop Spiegel visited his suffragans, the Bishops of Trêves, Munster, and Paderborn, who, partly by his persuasion, partly by threats from the government, were induced to subscribe the secret convention of Berlin. In the case of the Bishop of Munster actual deception was employed to procure his signature. The Brief of Pius VIII. was then published, to the great jubilee of the Catholics, who, being ignorant of the secret convention devised by the king, the Archbishop, and the diplomatist, imagined that the vexed question of mixed marriages had at last been settled between Berlin and Rome in a manner satisfactory to both. This happened in June; and on Bunsen's return to Rome in August, he hesitated not to declare that the Brief of Pope Pius had been duly placed in the hands of the prelates to whom it was addressed. In the summer of the following year, 1835, Archbishop Spiegel died. The government thought this a good opportunity of ingratiating itself a little with the Prussian Catholics, who were beginning to be impatient under their many wrongs, by selecting as the defunct prelate's successor a man of unimpeachable holiness and orthodoxy, the sanction of whose name might, it was hoped, be won by adroit management for the secret convention of Berlin. Such were the motives which prompted the choice of Clement Augustus Droste-Vischering as successor to Count Spiegel in the metropolitan see of Cologne. Indeed, no prelate was more generally known and revered than he for theological learning, attachment to the Apostolic See, and unshaken firmness of character. These qualities he had displayed in a very signal manner as Vicar-General of his native diocese of Munster, in face of great difficulties, from the year 1807 till 1813, when he laid down his office on the dissolution of his chapter by Napoleon I. In 1815 he resumed it by command of the Pope, and exercised it with his accustomed energy and independent spirit till 1821, when, on the concordat with Prussia being concluded, and new Bishops being appointed, he again retired into private life.

He had already given the Prussian ministry too much trouble, by his resolute opposition to their insidious attempts at invading the natural rights of the Church while Vicar-General, to be allowed to remain in office longer than could be helped. Since 1821, he had therefore lived wholly secluded from all ecclesiastical affairs. Now, however, he was surprised to find that the Prussian government, to whom he supposed he was so obnoxious, wanted to have him for Archbishop. But there was one difficulty to be surmounted, and that was his well-known sentiments on mixed marriages.



An agent of the minister Altenstein accordingly waited on him, and asked him whether, in case he were elected Archbishop, he would neither attack nor subvert an agreement respecting mixed marriages concluded between the authorities of the state and Archbishop Spiegel in conformity with the Brief of Pius VIII., but would maintain it inviolate. Droste-Vischering, in his ignorance of the secret convention of Berlin, answered without suspicion, that he certainly would take care not to violate the agreement in question, concluded in conformity with the Brief of Pius VIII. Hereupon he was formally elected Archbishop of Cologne, December 1, 1835, and enthroned May 29, 1836; after which he set out for Berlin to present himself at court, as custom required. Here it was that he first came to a knowledge of the secret convention on mixed marriages. He could not help giving way to a burst of indignation. "I had thought," exclaimed he, "to discharge my office in peace; but I now see that God has destined me for the conflict." On his return to Berlin, and entering on the government of his diocese, he only observed the terms of the secret convention in so far as they coincided with the Brief of Pius VIII., and no farther. Being presently called to account by the government for his conduct, he declared that two rules for his conduct lay before him, the Brief and the convention; as far as possible he would follow both, but where the second did not accord with the first, he should keep to the Brief. Meanwhile intelligence had reached the Holy See of a secret "instruction" having been issued by the late Archbishop Spiegel contrary to the sense and meaning of the Brief of Pope Pius. This led to the Cardinal Secretary of State addressing a confidential note to Chevalier Bunsen, accompanied by a copy of the "instruction" in question, desiring an explanation. Bunsen stoutly denied the existence of any such "instruction," and stigmatised the information given about it as emanating from ignorance, calumny, and fanaticism. Presently Bishop Hommer of Trêves was attacked by his last illness, and wrote a letter to the Pope shortly before his death expressive of his remorse for having subscribed the secret convention of Berlin, and solemnly retracting what he had done. This circumstance at once revealed to his Holiness the whole mystery. True, there was no secret "instruction;" but there was a secret convention just as treacherous. Bunsen's diplomatic duplicity being thus exposed, his position at Rome became no longer tenable. Besides, he saw but too clearly that all the advantages in respect of mixed marriages, which it had cost him so much time and trouble to achieve, were on the

point of being entirely lost, if the Bishops who had agreed to the secret convention were not compelled to adhere to it in spite of the protestations of the Pope. If he could only succeed in this, the foundations of a schism would be laid. Every thing depended for the moment on the Archbishop of Cologne. His course would be sure to decide that of his suffragans. To Cologne, then, Bunsen repaired in the summer of 1837, at the call of his sovereign, to see if he could not cajole or bully Droste-Vischering into an acknowledgment of the secret convention of Berlin. But he soon found out that there was not the shadow of a hope that the Archbishop would be seduced into an act of open disloyalty to the Apostolic See. The astute chevalier therefore drew up a declaration, worded with an art peculiar to himself, capable of bearing different interpretations, and sought to get the Archbishop to affix his signature to it. But Clement Augustus was on his guard, and showed in a manner too clear to be mistaken in what sense alone he understood the text of the declaration, and would sign it. Completely baffled, Chevalier Bunsen broke off further negotiations, and intimated to the Archbishop that he would have to resign his office. Indeed, a letter from the minister Altenstein, Bunsen's active colleague, soon afterwards informed Droste-Vischering that, in consequence of his conduct in affairs of mixed marriages, he could not be permitted to carry on the administration of his diocese unless he changed his course altogether; but that if he was restrained from doing so by scruples of conscience, he would be suffered to make a voluntary resignation of his office, in which case no further measures would be taken in reference to the past. To this the Archbishop made answer, "that it was not scruples of conscience, but the clear knowledge of his duty, which forbade him to comply with the demands of the State. That with regard to resigning his office, his obligations to his flock would not allow it. That for the rest, he could not omit to claim religious liberty for himself, and to defend the rights of the Church. That in all worldly things he was a true and obedient subject of the king's." It was now clear to him that the decisive hour was near at hand, and that the duty of self-justification required him to forestall the designs of his enemies. He accordingly assembled the members of his cathedral chapter, and exposed to them, November 4th, the whole state of affairs. He did the same thing to an assembly of the parish priests of Cologne. He next sent a copy of Altenstein's letter, with his own answer, to Rome, to Munster, Trêves, and Paderborn. Several parish priests of the diocese also received similar communications from him. All



this was a bitter surprise at Berlin; for his persecutors relied on the possibility of a false representation of his case as the principal weapon they possessed against him. This weapon he had now effectually blunted and broken. As soon as some idea of the danger which threatened him got abroad, a general consternation seized his flock. This only made Clement Augustus the more anxious to prevent any breach of the peace, or other demonstration, which would have been so gladly made use of by his enemies as a handle of accusation against him. On hearing that the citizens of Cologne intended giving a procession by torchlight in honour of his name-day, he requested them not to do so, and was obeyed. He begged every one to pray for him, and enjoined the clergy to do all in their power to calm the popular excitement.

On the 20th of November 1837, about six o'clock in the evening, Archbishop Droste-Vischering was sitting alone with his secretary at work in his study. Suddenly Herr von Bodelschwingh, chief-president of the Rhine provinces, entered the apartment without being announced, accompanied by three men. All the streets round the archiepiscopal palace were guarded by the soldiery. Once more the Archbishop was desired to comply with the wishes of the king and government in the matter of mixed marriages. With calm resolution he answered, that he should abide by the written declaration he had already given on the subject. "In that case," said the chief-president, "I am to inform you that you must quit Cologne and the archdiocese, to await further proceedings." "The good shepherd does not forsake his flock," was the apostolic reply. Confounded by such sublime intrepidity of character, Bodelschwingh sought to convince Clement Augustus of the necessity of submission; but was presently interrupted in his remarks by the assurance that they were wholly in vain. Thereupon the heroic prelate was placed under arrest, and conveyed a prisoner to the fortress of Minden.

The extraordinary sensation which such an atrocious act of tyranny produced in Germany, was, if possible, enhanced by the equally atrocious statement of the Archbishop's pretended guilt, conjobbed by Bunsen and Altenstein, and posted up every where the next morning. It declared that Clement Augustus had put forward the question of mixed marriages as the reason of the proceedings taken against him in order to conceal the real facts of the case, so as to inflame the minds of the people and excite religious hatred in their breasts. That, in truth, the government had proceeded against him because he had broken the solemn promise he gave in respect

of mixed marriages before his election, and, worse than all, because his whole conduct was found out on the clearest evidence to proceed from the treasonable connection in which he stood with two revolutionary parties against the State. But it was in vain that a deputation of the nobles of the Lower Rhine proceeded to Berlin to request a judicial inquiry; in vain that the publication of the criminating documents, positively affirmed to be in the hands of the government, was demanded again and again. They could not be published at present, it was announced, for grave reasons of state. It soon became perfectly notorious that both the accusation and the documents were mere fabrications. Every doubt on this head was presently set at rest by the allocution of Gregory XVI., spoken December 10th, 1837, in full consistory, which solemnly attested the innocence of the Archbishop of Cologne, and clearly exposed the perfidious and brutal conduct of the Prussian government; every one of whose proceedings against the sense of the Brief of Pius VIII. his Holiness pronounced to be illegal and inadmissible. This memorable allocution was like a trumpet-call to the Catholics of Germany. To a man they declared for the confessor incarcerated at Minden. They were wakened up to a new fervour for their religion; and the wall of separation, which for three hundred years had been reared up with so much toil between the Catholic heart of the nation and Rome, was overthrown for good. As to Prussia, the immediate results were that the Bishops of Trêves and Munster, far from being frightened at the imprisonment of their metropolitan, embraced his cause, and formally renounced their adhesion to the secret convention of Berlin. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Posen, Martin Dunin, was emboldened to tread in the footsteps of Droste-Vischering; and, after passing through a similar ordeal, ended by achieving a like success for the liberties of the Church in his part of the monarchy. Even Silesia turned over a new leaf, under the auspices of the Bishops of Ermland and Culm. The Prince-Bishop of Breslau alone felt himself unequal to the exigencies of the crisis, and so resigned his dignity at the call of the Pope. Archbishop Droste-Vischering continued a prisoner at Minden till 1839, when the shattered state of his health procured him permission to remove to a country-seat of his family near Munster. Meanwhile Altenstein, his inveterate foe, died; and soon after, in 1840, the old king himself. His son and successor, the present king, Frederic William IV., being desirous to bring the affair of Cologne to a settlement, entered into negotiations with the Pope for that purpose soon after his accession to the throne; and, as an earnest of his intentions,



addressed an autograph letter to Clement Augustus exonerating him from the accusation of having been implicated in revolutionary intrigues—an accusation for which his majesty declared there never existed the least grounds. At the beginning of 1842 a final arrangement between Rome and Berlin was brought about. The secret convention was annulled; the election of the Bishops made free in reality, which before was only so in name; the theological chairs at the University were restored to their entire control; and the degrading restrictions on the freedom of their intercourse with the Apostolic See abolished. In return for these concessions, the king demanded that Droste-Vischering should not resume his episcopal functions at Cologne. The Pope admitted the difficulty of the king's situation; but decidedly refused to accede to his demand, unless with the express and free consent of the Archbishop himself. With a noble disinterestedness worthy of his character Clement Augustus consented to receive a coadjutor with right of succession (the present Cardinal-Archbishop Geissel), who should assume in his stead the government of his diocese; and retired into private life for the third time, satisfied with the arduous battle he had fought and the glorious victory he had won. Meanwhile he resolutely refused the dignity of Cardinal offered him by the Pope. In 1844 he repaired to Rome, to give an account of his stewardship in person to the Vicar of Christ. When he attempted to cast himself at the feet of his Holiness, the Pope would not allow it, but caught him in his arms, and long held him locked in his embrace. After his return to Germany, his health continued to sink, and he died October 19th, 1845. On receiving the news, Gregory XVI. made it the subject of an allocution to the assembled Cardinals: "If," said his Holiness, "according to the advice of the Apostle, we ought not to mourn for the dead, like those who have no hope, what are we to think of a man who, by reason of the brightness of his virtue, was made before his decease a spectacle for the world, for angels, and men? Every one knows his invincible strength of soul, with which, under great straits, he strove to preserve the purity of the Catholic religion and of ecclesiastical discipline. Let us beseech the Father of all compassion that the great Archbishop may attain his imperishable crown of glory as soon as possible; and that, as he was clear and resplendent as a star on earth, he may also shine in Heaven, with all those who point out to many the way of justification, like a star to all eternity."

## CHINA.\*

DR. JOHNSON considered all East Indians to be barbarians. Questioned by Boswell, he expressly refused to except the Chinese. When Bozzy urged the written character of their language, he replied, "Sir, they have not an alphabet; they have not been able to form what all other nations have formed:" and to the somewhat indiscreet allegation that, from the immense number of their characters, there was more learning in their language than in any other, he responded, "It is only more difficult from its rudeness, as there is more labour in hewing down a tree with a stone than with an axe."

If Dr. Johnson had lived to the times of Remusat, Meadows, Huc, and a host of other students of Chinese manners and literature, he would have found no reason to alter his opinion. Every definition of civilisation must at least include security to person and property, ensured by the administration of equal laws; but 80,000 written characters, and a code of rites which professes to regulate all things from infancy to death, will not rescue from the charge of barbarism a people steeped in the most shameful and unbridled licentiousness, who spill blood like water, and sell such justice as an immoral legal system affords with the most unblushing effrontery. We have before us the latest, but by no means the least valuable contribution to our knowledge of this singular and almost incomprehensible nation, in the shape of Mr. Wingrove Cooke's "Special Correspondence from China in the years 1857-58," first published in the *Times*, and now reproduced, after the fashion of the day, in a readable octavo volume. The course adopted by the "leading journal," of sending a "commissioner" to the scene of important military or naval operations, is beyond a doubt a useful one in the interests of the public, though the presence of a newspaper-reporter in the tent of a commander-in-chief or cabin of a commodore must grate somewhat harshly on the feelings of many an officer nurtured in the school of Nelson or "the Duke." We must do the *Times*, however, the justice to say, that its selection of the gentlemen who have acted on its behalf in the Crimea and in Canton has been made with much judgment and discretion. Mr. Cooke has had the advantage of the experience of his predecessor, whose faults of inexperience in so novel a field he has consequently had the opportunity to avoid; an opportunity which he has not neglected. In all matters in

\* *China, &c.* By George Wingrove Cooke. Routledge and Co.



which caution was needed in the face of military or naval operations, and where insufficient observations could only lead to hasty and imperfect, and therefore pernicious, decisions in matters relating to commerce, he has exercised considerable prudence and self-restraint. At the same time he has recorded almost every thing of interest; and bringing a vigorous and active mind to bear upon all that he saw and heard, tells his story in a clear and incisive style. He is less diffuse than Mr. Russell; and has thus a better chance of fixing the attention of his readers, especially on such portions of his book as contain few allusions to the active warlike operations going on by land and water.

We have been accustomed, with the Abbé Huc, to look at the Chinese perhaps a little too much through Chinese spectacles. The fact is, that the ministers of religion and those devoted to commerce, who pass many years in this strange country, are forced to spend as it were their lives in mastering, for their own special ends, the interminable ceremonial which binds and almost strangles Chinese social life. They begin at last to a certain extent to believe in it, just as people repeat a jest till they come to identify themselves as principals in the joke. It is a good thing for us to look, then, at China with the eager and undimmed eyes of a new and unprejudiced observer, who is watching for us at a time when the political system of this 360,000,000 of people is being brought into rude contact with the policy of the West, and the crafty mandarin matched against the skilled plenipotentiary.

Mr. Cooke does not pretend to have done more than collect materials, since he considers that as yet we are far from having the necessary knowledge to reduce the glaring inconsistencies, the chaos of contradictions, that meet us at every turn, into something like form and order. We yet want the key. He says:

“I have in these letters introduced no elaborate essay upon Chinese character. It is a great omission. No theme could be more tempting, no subject could afford wider scope for ingenious hypothesis, profound generalisation, and triumphant dogmatism. Every small critic will probably utterly despise me for not having made something out of such opportunities. The truth is, I have written several very fine characters for the whole Chinese race; but having the misfortune to have the people under my eye at the same time with my essay, they were always saying or doing something which rubbed so rudely against my hypothesis, that in the interest of truth I burnt several successive letters. I may add, that I have often talked over this matter with the most eminent and candid sino-

logues, and have always found them ready to agree with me as to the impossibility of a western mind forming a conception of Chinese character as a whole. These difficulties, however, occur only to those who know the Chinese practically: a smart writer, entirely ignorant of the subject, might readily strike off a brilliant and antithetical analysis, which should leave nothing to be desired but truth."

We shall certainly not attempt to do in a few pages what Mr. Cooke gives very sufficient reasons, as we think, for leaving undone; but content ourselves with making such extracts from his pages as picture some of the more remarkable features of Chinese life and manners. Lord Elgin, who has shown great ability, under the immense difficulties of a mission arduous enough in itself, and complicated by the dangers and anxieties of another and gigantic Eastern war, thus addressed his countrymen after the capture of Canton, and before the negotiations which have terminated in a treaty which *may* at some future time have the effect of forcing the Chinese into the comity of nations: "In my communications with the functionaries of the Chinese government, I have been guided by two simple rules of action. I have never preferred a demand which I did not believe to be both moderate and just; and from a demand so preferred I have never receded." With the original *casus belli* we conceive we have now nothing to do, neither had our ambassador; and certainly no sensible man can cavil at the principles by which he has shaped a policy which has borne valuable fruit. To appreciate his skill, we must study the character of the man with whom he had to deal, the notorious "Yeh," the absolute and all but irresponsible administrator of a province the inhabitants of which outnumber the whole population of France. In Yeh we have a compendium of Chinese character, in all its heterogeneous composition. If we can make out Yeh, we shall have made some progress in unravelling the twisted skein that has baffled English sinologues and Teutonic philosophers. Mr. Cooke had the important advantage of being the travelling companion of this great Chinese statesman from Canton to Calcutta, and made the most of it. His task was not agreeable. Yeh is not a hero in the favourable sense of the term, and his manners and habits are not lovely in European eyes. But he is one of those leading powers which make China what it is; and, "like a landslip or a fallen avalanche," blocks up the pass which leads to change or amendment. "It is plain that Yeh is the Eldon of China—Eldon intensified, and omnipresent and omnipotent in Chinese life. It is 'bows and arrows and the wisdom of our ancestors;' no barbarians and the Chinese constitution." It is by him, and such as him,



that the present system is upheld; a system which Mr. Cooke cleverly describes as a hollow thing, with a hard brittle surface. "We try in vain to scratch it; but some day a happy blow will shiver it. It will all go together." The second man in the empire,—a post to which he has attained under the system of competitive examination,—for a quarter of a century he has worked out his policy in one unchecked reign of terror. "He tells, with a coarse laugh, that he has himself sentenced to death 100,000 of his countrymen and countrywomen; and he boasts that the estimate must be quadrupled, if we take into account the towns and villages destroyed by his orders." Death by the law, or what stands for law in China, constantly implies torture also; and it must be remembered that these executions are principally for political offences. He never, according to his own statement, spared any on account of youth, or sex, or station, or good character. The evidence was given by his spies. The details of his field of blood and his butcheries are so sickening, that we cannot bring ourselves to quote them; but refer our readers to the details given in pages 367-8 by Mr. Cooke, on the evidence of eye-witnesses. This utter disregard of the value of human life is a most striking feature of Chinese character, and is by no means a peculiarity of Yeh. For instance, a corps of coolies, who will serve any master for wages, carried the ammunition which was to be expended in the destruction of their city and countrymen up to the rear of the attacking columns. "When a cannon-shot took off the head of one of them, the others only cried, 'Ey yaw!' and laughed and worked away as merrily as ever." Again, when the junks were boarded at the battle of Fatsan, in one of them the sailors rescued an old man and a boy chained to a gun and left to burn; in another they found a woman and child tied with wisps of bamboo to a 32-pounder. We could easily multiply instances to show that, in a true Chinaman's eyes, blowing out a candle and a man's brains are matters of about equal importance; and doubtless in this indifference we have some solution of the fact, that in so ungenial a soil the blood of martyrs is shed without producing its accustomed fruit. To die for a dogma seems but little to those who are ready to die for nothing whatever.

The feature next to be observed in the Chinese character is disregard of truth. A particular lie may be an offence to the party lied to; but lying itself is a lawful thing. Almost all savages may be held to truth by some formula which they believe to be binding: but with the Chinaman this is not so; and herein lies a terrible difficulty to the missionary and the

diplomatist. Let us again turn to Yeh for proofs. "He lies," says Mr. Cooke, "with an *aplomb* and oily placidity which makes one's face burn, remembering that it is a man of high office and great learning who is emitting the ridiculous falsehood;" and of course, as he considered that others would use the same privilege, he had no hesitation in giving them the lie direct. This he did very coarsely, after asking questions as to matters of fact occurring on deck; a proceeding which her Majesty's officers on board must have endured with a very ill grace:

"When I told him that proclamations had been issued levying duties on opium, he said, 'That is not so.' I produced copies of the proclamation. He simply remarked that this was out of his provinces, and he had never heard of it; he believed the emperor knew nothing about it. I regretted to hear that high Chinese officials put forth proclamations and received duties without the sanction of the emperor. He said that this was impossible. I asked whether these duties ever reached the emperor's treasury, or whether they were embezzled. He said that embezzlement by a public officer was an impossibility in China. I produced half a dozen *Pekin Gazettes* which recounted such embezzlements, and referred the crime to the proper board. He said that these instances were not within his viceroyalty. I asked how it happened that public officers receiving almost nominal salaries made large fortunes. He said that no man in office ever did make a large fortune. . . . He was never in the smallest degree disconcerted by being directly contradicted by a public document; and I ventured upon no subject upon which I was not well fortified by the *Pekin Gazettes*. It is true, he never disputed the authority of a public document: that would have been to damage the official infallibility. It was a curious spectacle to see this Chinese mandarin, versed for twenty-five years in all the iniquity of official corruption, enjoying at the moment its proceeds in the shape of an unlimited credit upon Howqua's house for any moneys he may think fit to spend, yet gravely asserting the incorruptibility of all Chinese magistrates, and even reasoning upon this most notorious falsehood as an axiom so thoroughly true, that no fact inconsistent with it could be true, and every proposition contradictory to it must be absurd."

One night he supplied a ridiculous instance of this habit of lying. The captain having beat to night-quarters to exercise his crew at the great guns, Yeh was forewarned lest he should be startled from his slumbers. His informants found him up and inquiring, having heard the bustle on deck; but, on receiving the news, he quietly turned in again; and the next morning declared that he had slept quite through the firing, though the 68-pounder pivot-gun had been blazing



away just over his head, and the broadsides had shaken the ship from stem to stern. Once, however, he inadvertently told a truth which was a curious comment on his allegation as to the incorruptibility of officials. "Is it a proper question," said our busy commissioner, "to ask your excellency how much you paid your secretaries?" "Usually 100 taels a month (33 $\frac{1}{2}$ )." "And what did they make by perquisites?" "300 or 400 taels more." He afterwards withdrew this reply, and substituted "30 or 40:" but this was an afterthought; the first was the true estimate.

There was a subject on which Yeh was at all times willing to converse; and here we must admit that no Chinese peculiarity was involved. That subject was himself and his doings; and there appears no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of his statements. He has taken four degrees, and passed seven examinations, three unsuccessfully, four successfully, and in the last he was so distinguished as to be placed second on the list of all the candidates who passed. The "four books," the "five classics," the history of China, correct writing and official style, are all that is required from competitors; and from the successful among these the whole governing classes of China are selected. Yeh had fulfilled every kind of judicial and political post. He had been judge of Yunnan for four years; but, according to his own assertion, never read the Chinese code or studied Chinese law, could neither speak nor read Mantchou, nor the Cantonese dialect, nor his own native dialect. "I was educated at Pekin, as my ancestors were; and I speak only the language of Pekin." The sole qualification of the ruling mandarins he thus described: "We are only expected to speak Taoli—to talk true doctrine." What is this "Taoli"? On a single occasion only was Mr. Cooke able to get Yeh to talk at any length upon the subject. We have not space to make so extended an extract; but we recommend this most singular conversation to the especial notice of those who are interested in the study of Chinese character. "Taoli" is the very foundation of the whole Chinese system; it is the name for that wretched philosophy which "recognises only nature, self-produced, active, but will-less and unintelligent;" and which, according to our author, pervades all grades of Chinese society, substituting a dreamy cogitation on a self-generating system and the laws of the universe for religion and morals. "If a man who has learned to talk Taoli does not do Taoli, does any punishment arise to him?" "Such a man would be very bad." "Would Shangti (Upper Spirit) punish him?" "The things of heaven how can we tell?" answers the Chinese

statesman and philosopher. Shangti, however, in no respect stands for God. It was produced by the male and female principle, and men previously existed. But we must leave Yeh's ethics, and turn to his manners. We have been accustomed to hear a great deal about the refinements of Chinese manners, and the splendour of the mode of life of the wealthier mandarins. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. The manners are never overnice, and sometimes very filthy; the palaces are ruinous, and the gardens very much of a sham. Such at least was found to be the case at Canton:

"How different are all the realities of Chinese life from our English notions of oriental magnificence! Their ridiculous mandarins live in houses in which an English gentleman would be ashamed to lodge his steward, and keep their retainers in places which an English farmer would think quite unworthy of his cows. It is explained that they allow their vast yamuns to fall into decay because their tenure of office seldom exceeds three years; their luxuries, therefore, are fur dresses, embroidered tunics, jadestone sceptres, loose silk chair-covers, and such-like movables."

We are all acquainted with Yeh's face, and Mr. Cooke has not failed to repeat it as a frontispiece to his book. As the little personal traits of such a man, the Eldon of China, cannot but be interesting, we hope our readers will be delighted with a full-length, in which, it may be, the details are carried out with a little too much of the pre-Raphaelite spirit. We must remember that this is a portrait of a man to whom a hundred Irish viceroys would be as nothing,—who was lord of thirty millions of souls, in the land of glossy silks, fragrant tea, and priceless porcelain:

"In the practice of that virtue which we westerns are glad to rank next to godliness Yeh is certainly not conspicuous. A more undesirable messmate for the commander of a ship of war can hardly be imagined. He spits, he smokes, he eructates, and he blows his nose with his fingers. Captain Brooker has taught him the comfort of a pocket-handkerchief, but not to use it for this purpose. His daily ablutions consist of a slight rubbing of his face with a towel moistened with hot water. He has a horror of fresh air, and while in Chinese waters never willingly went on deck. He loved to have the ports closed and the skylights down. He wears thickly padded stockings, the long blue, sleeved, quilted cape, and blue pantaloons tied at the ankle, common to all Chinamen. He boasts that he has worn his outer coat for ten years; and its appearance justifies his assertion,—it is stiff with grease. When we drew near Singapore, within one degree of the line, the heat became frightful. His practice then was, while steaming from libations of hot tea, to strip off



his coat and sit in his long yellow grass-cloth shirt, wet and discoloured—a most disgusting object.”

Once, after six weeks, he intimated his intention of taking a bath, and all the needful appliances were eagerly offered him; but alas, all he required was a small pan of boiling water. The cabin was given up to him, and on his next appearance the old greasy unwashed jacket shocked the eyes of his unfortunate shipmates. Worse than all, on one occasion Mr. Alabaster (the interpreter)

“saw to his horror an unknown but most suspicious insect crawling within the sacred precincts of the captain’s cabin. He pointed out the insect to Yeh, who looked at it with immovable gravity, and said sententiously, ‘It is a louse.’”

Yeh preferred the captain’s cabin to a separate sleeping-berth; but Mr. Cooke does not inform us what became of the captain himself. He must have been sorely tempted to dispose of his passenger in a way that would have brought him within the compass of a court-martial. We can scarcely imagine the permitted presence of this unwieldy, obese, unsavoury potentate on the spotless planks of the quarter-deck of a Queen’s ship, much less his invasion of the awful precincts of the commander’s private apartments; and we are lost in admiration at the heroic sense of duty which secured Yeh in the complacent exercise of all the abominations of his daily existence. Yet let us do him justice. Sanguinary, cruel, dirty, and narrow-minded, Yeh is the husband of one wife, and is believed to be unstained by the frightful vices which fester and ulcerate the souls and bodies of millions and millions of his fellow-countrymen. He is a murderer and a liar; but he murders and lies on principle; and if he chuckles as he orders the wife of a rebel-leader to be sliced slowly to death on a cross, or as he indites the text of a flowery protocol to deceive the “foreign devils,” it is not probably so much in enjoyment of the sufferings of his victim, or of the successful blinding of his political enemy, as at the happy consciousness that he has placed thereby another stone on the wall that defends China and its traditions from any attack on the system under which it has flourished for ages, to the exaltation of his own, that is, the governing class. In China, emphatically, whatever is right; and to maintain whatever is must be the highest duty.

We have been thus full in reproducing Mr. Cooke’s elaborate picture of the terrible Chinese statesman, because it shows the national habits, mental and physical, with which we had to deal; and with which Lord Elgin has dealt to such

good purpose, that it will henceforward be the fault of the Western nations if they ever again lose their vantage-ground in the wide-spread fields of this wonderful empire. Common sense has untied the knot of difficulty which the wisdom of sinologues fumbled at in vain. We cannot hope to foil the Chinese with their own weapons. We must use such as are familiar to our hands; and in the end the right will prevail. For the "long-time-in-the-country and speak-the-language men," as he calls them, Mr. Cooke has a thorough and seemingly well-justified contempt. On his arrival in the country, in the modest sense of his own ignorance, he immediately sought the advice and instruction of these philosophical linguists. His first master, of fifteen years' standing, could speak the language, and supplied him with floods of facts and startling theories; only insisted on unlimited faith in himself, and disbelief in all that others had written, and nearly all that his pupil "fondly fancied he had seen." "Yet somehow," says our author, "he did not talk as we are accustomed to fancy that Gamaliel must have talked;" and his teachings sent Mr. Cooke away in a saddened and meditative mood. His second master had been a shorter time in the country, but could speak *and write* the language. He too required a preliminary disbelief in all that had gone before, and especially in the teachings of master number one. "Surely you do not mean to entertain the English public with the crotchets of *that* man? Why, sir, he is mad; stark mad." A still older resident, when the name of this last friend was mentioned, exclaimed, with an indulgent smile, "A smatterer, my good sir, a mere smatterer. It is very creditable to him to have got up a little Chinese; but all he has told you about that tract of the Tai-pings is based upon an utter misconception of the language." "But the *Pekin Gazettes*?" "He can't read them, and can't understand his teachers when they explain them." Another and another, and ten others, only produced the same unsatisfactory result; each oracle destroyed another by conflicting vaticinations; none could be found whom any other Chinese scholar would admit to be a safe stay.

"One was a merchant, I was told, an opium-dealer, one who can see but little of the Chinese, and that of the baser kind; to a second it was objected that he was a missionary, whose only object was to work up reports for Exeter Hall; a third was an official man, who could only look upon China through mandarin-despatches, or at least out of his sedan-chair; a fourth was a very good ornithologist, and had a smattering of geology, and some acquaintance with beetles, but knew nothing of China; a fifth was a rabid rebel; a sixth a red-



hot imperialist; a seventh used his Chinese learning as alchemists used their chemistry, only to work out some absurd theory; an eighth shut himself up and wrought a notion of Chinese character from his own inner consciousness; and a ninth was a Jesuit, who had lived too long among the Chinese to know any thing about them."

Mr. Cooke does not presume to say that all these objections are well-founded, nor does he deny that much information is to be gained from Chinese scholars; but he claims the right to question opinions often falsified by the event, and often hotly disputed among the scholars themselves. His notion is, that, in dealing with the Chinese, we should no longer strive to conform with servile care to the empty vanities of a code of rites; but while enforcing a just claim, treat the cumbersome forms of Chinese negotiation and the sneers of crafty mandarins with perfect indifference. That this course would not be unintelligible to Chinese politicians, is strikingly set forth in a memorial addressed to the Emperor, in 1842, by the well-known Kei-ying.

"The truth is, that it is not possible to regulate the customs of the Western State by the ceremonial of China; and to break out in rebuke, while it would do nothing to cleave their dullness, might chance to give rise to suspicion and ill-feeling. With the English barbarians the ruler is a female; with the American and French, a male. The English and French rulers reign for life: the American is elected by his countrymen, and is changed once in four years; and when he retires from his throne, he takes rank with the non-official classes. With a people so uncivilised as they are, blindly unintelligent in styles and modes of address, a tenacity of forms in official correspondence, such as would duly take place, the superior above and the inferior below, would be a riving of the tongue and a blistering of the lips. The only course in that case would be to affect to be deaf to it. Instead, therefore, of a contest about empty names, which can be of no practical utility, it has been held better to pass by minor details while following out a great policy."

This report received the imperial approval in the following words: "It was the only proper arrangement to be made. We understand the whole question." Mr. Cooke, it seems to us, makes out his point. We want Chinese scholars, as he truly observes, to interpret the policy of English statesmen, not to originate a policy of Chinese crotchets. "Our principal difficulties have arisen from adopting the Chinese practice of submitting questions of state policy to men of merely literary attainments. They are excellent, most valuable, most indispensable in their proper sphere; but they are necessarily men who see atoms through microscopes, and lead us

into national wars for matters not worth a sheet of foolscap." Of the eighteen languages of China, none of our scholars, he affirms, can speak three with fluency, or safely write or interpret an important paper in any one of them without the assistance of a "teacher." These teachers are the scum and refuse of the Chinese literary body; and yet they instruct the sinologue, who in his turn indoctrinates the puzzled general or admiral with Chinese customs and ceremonial. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, the barbarians should be made to eat much dirt, and that the finely-conceived strokes of foreign ministers should fail lamentably and disgracefully in their execution.

"In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats; where the labourer has no sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning,—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar. If we add that for countless centuries the government has been in the hands of state philosophers, and the vernacular dialects have been abandoned to the labouring classes (I am about, in the next few words, to call forth the execration of every sinologue in Europe and Asia), we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, and unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people."

The moral of all this lively description is, that a vehicle so cumbrous and unwieldy must be driven by those who do not lose their eye for the road in the contemplation of the astounding complexities of the machine they undertake to guide. It is beyond a doubt that a Chinaman can understand a plain phrase plainly interpreted; but an endeavour to emulate the flowery pencil of the crafty mandarin can only end in what Kei-ying calls, as we have quoted above, a riving of the tongue and a blistering of the lips. Our readers have no doubt already travelled with Mr. Cooke in the columns of the *Times*. We can only say that his letters gain by repetition; he has taken in a wide range of subjects, and the information he has collected on all is, considering his means, strikingly full and well digested. Of course we demur to some of his conclusions; but we have no hesitation in affirming that his work will aid more materially in enabling Englishmen to form sound opinions on Chinese matters than many



others of greater pretension. That Chinese civilisation, whatever it may be worth, will shortly, or in process of time, be brought face to face with the civilisation of the West, is abundantly clear; and few can help taking an active interest in the result. Religion, politics, and commerce are all concerned. In this country the last occupies the first rank; but even in contact with us China has morally something to gain and nothing to lose, and the commerce of England will force a channel for the pious labours of those who are better than ourselves.

The whole history of China, says Schlegel, from beginning to end, displays one continued series of seditions, usurpations, anarchy, changes of dynasty, and other violent revolutions and catastrophes. Its system has not conduced to the peace, stability, and permanent prosperity of the state. The sooner such a system can be changed the better; and, for our own part, we shall no more weep over the means by which Confucius and Mencius are brought to grief than we do over the disasters which the Russian war has not averted from the impostor Mahomet.

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### **Literary Notices.**

*A Letter to the Parishioners of Lawshall, telling them why he left them and became a Catholic.* By Evan Baillie, M.A. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This is a simple and sincere picture of the progress of the conversion of an Anglican, and, as such, doubly valuable—first, to those whom it may help in their own change; and secondly, to the student who wishes to examine the psychological aspects of the movement, and to trace the springs by which it acts.

Mr. Baillie was first moved by the conversion of Dr. Newman; he read his essay on Development, but hoping its argument to be not unanswerable, accepted preferment. The appointment of Dr. Hampden next shook him, and now he wonders that it did not affect him more. But men, he says, do not always act up to their professed principles, or even quite believe in them. When the time comes, the best-intentioned flinch and appear spell-bound: they are entangled in their worldly affairs; or they are tired of resistance, and think they must make the best of things; or they yield to the examples and persuasions of others whom they regard; or they quiet themselves with the thought that perfection is nowhere to be found; or they give themselves the benefit of the doubt, and abjure inquiry, because it would make life a fruitless struggle: they cling to every forlorn hope; when their plank of safety is snatched away, they grasp a straw, continually finding in the lowest depth a lower still, till they lose all shame, and boast of that which in their heart of hearts they know is their ignominy.

Mr. Baillie then studied Popery in Protestant books till he was again

roused by the tumult which greeted Archdeacon Denison's sermon on the Eucharist. The effect was to confirm his belief in the Blessed Sacrament, and to make him quite in earnest in his search for the truth. He soon saw that the key of the controversy was, whether the Pope is the centre of unity and successor of Peter. At the same time, Collier's Church History made him thoroughly ashamed of the Reformation, and prepared him for appreciating the two works of Mr. Allies on St. Peter and his See, which have gained such a well-deserved celebrity. Mr. Allies' arguments appeared irresistible; the English schism was acknowledged to be unjustifiable, and the authority of the Church admitted. Yet it was some time before Mr. Baillie's mind was brought to a fit state to act upon his convictions, or to see that his first duty was to beg reconciliation with the Mother Church.

He fancied that perhaps individuals were not bound to take this step, but rather to remain and prepare the Anglican body to do it *en masse*. But a little calm reflection showed him the hopelessness of this expectation. A study of what the royal supremacy really was, and claimed to be, convinced him that a few Anglicans remaining true to their principles, and asserting their mother's spiritual independence, could do absolutely nothing; for, in fact, the Church of England was not the continuation of the old Church, but a new body, established, against the will of all the Bishops and most of the clergy, in the first year of Elizabeth. It is a lay institution; its pedigree does not go up to Bishops, but to princes and prime ministers; and it has now no more than it received.

Mr. Baillie seems to have been munificent in his restoration of Lawshall church: many have owed their conversion to their generous sacrifices made to God while they were in the Establishment. But Mr. Baillie's doubts soon began to make him unhappy; though he felt that he had intended his offering for God, and that God would somehow or other overrule it for good. At the opening of the church, he asserts that the power of ecclesiastical principles over men's hearts was exhibited: the services made the multitudes glad, and captivated them; the church-doors were seldom closed by day; the parish answered, and more than answered, the expectations of the clergyman; the services made men think more and more of heavenly things, raised their desires from earth, and led them to meditate on subjects on which the Catholic Church alone speaks,—the communion of saints in heaven with us on earth, and their invocation, and the purgatorial preparation for the beatific vision. Mr. Baillie soon saw that the groove in which Protestant thought is allowed to travel is narrower than the Word of God has made it; and that the development of a single article of the Creed,—“the Communion of Saints,”—will almost cover the whole Roman and Anglican controversy.

Next his ideas began to enlarge on the subject of the Eucharist. “It may seem strange, and indeed it is very strange, that any should profess to believe in the Real Presence, and not as a natural and inevitable consequence see the necessity of adoration. But so it was, and so I believe it is the case still with the majority of even High-Church Anglicans; for years I professed my belief in, and thought I believed in, the Real Presence; and yet it never occurred to me that I ought to adore the Body and Blood of Christ present in the consecrated elements.” His eyes were opened by Archdeacon Denison and Mr. Keble.

This led to anxious inquiries concerning the truth of Anglican orders, on which the truth of the Sacraments evidently depended. Mr. Baillie was led to doubt on this point apparently by the letters from which we in great measure derived our article on the Anglican hier-



archy in the *Rambler* of January last. About Barlow's consecration he says, as the result of his own inquiry, "that there are certain very ugly and suspicious facts to account for; and that whilst such grave reasons for doubting his consecration exist, it is impossible, without further evidence than has yet been produced by Protestants, to prove, or even to feel morally certain, that Barlow was ever consecrated; and I would strongly urge every Anglican to inquire carefully whether this is at all an exaggerated estimate." While such perplexities and doubts remain, he asks, How is it possible to have faith,—not a feeling of tolerable security, changing each day, but a perfect, unhesitating, unvarying confidence, the same one day and another, and always?

While this interior struggle was going on, a curate of his became a Catholic; and in consequence, on the 6th of February last, Mr. Baillie resigned his living. The mental trials that accompanied the act are very touchingly described by him:

"It is not possible for any one who has not gone through it himself to conceive the severity of the trial, from the time that the first grave doubt has taken hold of the mind to that in which a man comes at last as a penitent to his long-neglected parent's feet, and begs for pardon and admission into the household and family of Christ.

"No one who has not passed through it himself can form an idea of what it is; and to suppose that any conscientious person would go through it as an intellectual gratification, or from any other motive than a stern sense of duty, is to suppose what every one acquainted with the anguish it occasions would declare to be an impossibility. Even to one to whom the sacrifice, in a temporal point of view, is not so great (as I thank God was my own case), but that enough still remains for the maintenance of himself and those dependent upon him,—even to him, to go out, as Abraham did, from his own country and kin into a strange land, and to know that henceforth he will be suspected and regarded as an alien by his former friends; that between him and many of those whom he loves there will be a great and almost impassable gulf; and that, do what he may, they will be unable to dispossess themselves of the feeling that he is no longer to them what he was before: to know that his older relatives will be in their hearts afraid of him, and as it were by instinct wish to withdraw their children from his influence; and that, however kindly friends may feel in their hearts, there must henceforth be between him and them 'a dislocation of sympathies,' to say the least;—to know and to feel all this, and much more, must it not be a trial indeed to any one of ordinary feeling,—a trial which nothing but the grace of God and an approving conscience can carry one through? But what in addition, and above all, must the trial be to one who has others dependent on him, and who knows that in order to follow the dictates of conscience he must give up that which is his only known means of providing them with bread! It seems as if human nature could not bear so great a strain; and unassisted it could not. Yet many have had faith given to them equal even to this ordeal; and for many more (it is to be feared) the same severe trial is still in store. God grant that as their day is, so may be their strength!"

After he left the living, he did what he could to have the services in the church continued; but his plan was frustrated by the misconduct of the Bishop. Instead of things being allowed to go on smoothly, or gently altered, every thing was plunged into disorder: daily prayer ceased; there were no Lenten services; the church closed on Ascension Day; there was but one Communion for months;—all in consequence of the Bishop and patron's anxiety for the spiritual welfare of Lawshall. Mr.

Baillie asks his parishioners whether this was not the case, and proceeds :

“My dear friends, I do not know how to ask you this question without appearing to indulge in unseemly satire ; but that is not my feeling. I have described what took place in the gentlest language I can think of ; but when I reflect on what existed before I left you, and that what followed was supposed to be for the better,—a sort of Protestant Reformation, in fact,—I hardly know how to characterise my feelings at the way in which, under a professed regard for the purity of religion, you were deprived of your privileges. And when I think of the way in which a laborious and most exemplary curate was dismissed, upon whom not the slightest suspicion of romanising tendencies could fairly rest, who was, in fact, wholly uninfluenced by my difficulties, as the Bishop knew, and whose only wish was faithfully to carry out the directions of the Church of England ; who had never done any thing but what should have drawn on him the favour and encouragement of his diocesan ;—when I remember that it was with the Bishop’s full knowledge of the number and nature of the services in Lawshall church, and with something more than tacit consent, that he left his lordship’s presence in London to carry on those services (with one exception\*) exactly as they had hitherto been performed ; and that he was within a few days, without any intervening notice, sternly commanded to alter those services entirely, or at once to leave his cure ;—when I think of all this, done in total ignorance of the feelings of the parishioners, in ignorance (until within a few days) even of the very situation of the parish,—done by one who ought to be at least somewhat acquainted with his clergy, but who, upon my going to him, did not know me even by my name or incumbency ; who supposed I had only lately come into his diocese, although I had been in it for almost eleven years ; although my church had been closed for more than twelve months, and afterwards re-opened under circumstances which had been the talk of thousands, and the subject of comment in various journals ;—when I think of all this, I cannot help feeling some little tinge of bitterness in my sorrow that such a farce should pass for episcopal care ; and cannot help wondering that of the Church of England’s own clergy or laity not one should have come forward at the time to call public attention to such a melancholy instance of episcopal incompetency.”

After this Mr. Baillie enters into some discussion of the questions of confession and private judgment with reference to modern controversies ; and thus finishes a calm, dignified, affectionate, and instructive letter, which we hope will reach those for whom it is written, and which we are sure will do good to any sincere Protestant that will read it.

And it may do good to Catholics too ; it may teach us to look with more charity on those who are groping their way in the dark, and to give them credit for honesty in spite of sinister appearances, and for good sense in spite of much that indicates the contrary. Life is not only a moment—only the course of a bird through a hall, or of an arrow from the bow : the days of our life are threescore years and ten ; and if once in that interval we can come to be converted from the heresy in which we were born, it is sufficient. Let it be done once, and done thoroughly, on ripened convictions and with eyes wide open, and we should be content. Conversion is a question of principles, not so much of doctrines ; if a person has adopted Catholic principles, they will gradually germinate, and the budding force will burst the artificial bands

\* The division of the Morning Prayer.



of Protestant articles and formularies, and will mould itself to the Catholic faith. But principles do not grow and develop suddenly; they do not flash on the mind like the proof of a proposition of Euclid, or like the beauty of a piece of poetry. Their acquisition is slow, like the formation of taste, or learning a language, or the gradual development of a school of thought. We must be patient with those who are in labour with principles; and not, like children, dig up at night the seeds we have sown in the morning to see whether they have begun to sprout.

*Day by Day at Lucknow; a Journal of the Siege.* By Mrs. Case. (London, Bentley.) This journal is interesting from its very dullness. The mere notification of the succession of facts by one who has no power of describing them, still less of reasoning upon them, gives an idea of that weary time which a less wearisome style could not give. The journal is the aptest symbol of the vacant suffering which the ladies confined in that dreadful place had to endure through long days and weeks of protracted fear and disappointed hope. Read in this light, we have found it very touching, even to the "consternation" which Sir Colin's haste for their departure caused among them.

"Colonel Inglis told us that Sir Colin's orders are, that we are all to leave Lucknow to-morrow evening! Our consternation may be more easily imagined than described." Yet they had spent months in feeding the one sentiment of longing to get away from such a "hell." The difficulty at last was to tear themselves away from their crockery.

"We were busy packing up the whole day, and trying to compress our few things in as small a space as possible, not knowing for how much we should be allowed carriage. Our linen we sewed up in pillow-cases, and took as pillows; the other things which we absolutely did not want to leave behind us we put into boxes. We contrived to take a good deal of our plate among our clothes; but all our glass and crockery we were obliged to leave behind us, besides many other things we should like to have saved."

They found moving as great a dislocation of comfort as if they had been comfortable where they were; there was the same heap of little nasty things, after people thought all was got into the cart, of which Charles Lamb so whimsically complains: "Old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, phials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul."

The influence of their sufferings on the various ladies is a curious psychological study. One of them, as usual, stands out with great and honourable prominence—Mrs. Inglis, the wife of the commander of the garrison.